

How to Train a Dragon

by Featherninja

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Fishlegs I., Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-02-21 22:07:54

Updated: 2015-01-01 09:37:43

Packaged: 2016-04-26 16:51:59

Rating: T

Chapters: 10

Words: 36,018

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: How to Train Your Dragon but...wait for it GENDERBENT! Hella yes! Ok so this is the story of Hikka Horrible Haddock who is always undermined and people always say she'll never kill a dragon. And she doesn't. Ever. Hate to spoil it. But she does find a Night Fury. And she may even be the first to train one. (It has some book things) Rated T because I can get a little carried away.

1. How I Cried Night Fury

Cover art by avannak (Tumblr)

All rights reserved to Dreamworks and the How to Train You Dragon Book Series by Cressida Cowell

* * *

><p>Chapter 1

How I Cried Night Fury

HIKKA'S POV:

_ 'This, is Berk, it's twelve days north of hopeless and a few degrees south of freezing to death. It's located solidly on the Meridian of Misery. If I had to describe my village in one word it would be sturdy. We've been here for seven generations and yet every building we have is new. Berk is the perfect vacation spot. We have hunting, fishing, and a lovely view of the sunsets. But we do have a slight pest problem, and they're not really that easy to get rid of. Other places may have mice or mosquitoes, not us. We haveâ€¢'_

I open my door and I'm greeted by the two heads of a Zippelback. One is already sparkling its mouth before I slam the door behind me.

"Dragons." I let out sigh as I press my back against the door to keep myself from being incinerated.

_ 'This is probably the thousandth attack this week. It's really just starting to get annoying at this point. Most sane people would probably leave this extremely dangerous death spot. Not us, we're Vikings, stubbornness is kind of our thing.' _

I slowly open the door to check and see if the coast is clear before running outside across the charred battlefield.

_ 'I should probably introduce myself. My name is Hikka Horrible Haddock, great name I know. Parents believe that a frightening name will scare off gnomes and trolls, though I think our sparkling Viking personality does that on its own.' _

I'm suddenly thrown to the ground as a large Viking leaps on top of me screaming, with his axe raised.

"ARGHHHHH! MORNING!" he shouts in my face before running off to go punch a Gronkle in the face. I run up the wooden steps and try to ignore all the people who are shouting at me, telling me to go back inside. I'm just about to reach my destination when all of the sudden I feel a tug at the back of my shirt, and my feet lift off the ground.

"HIKKA?! What are-WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT?! WHAT SHE DOING OUT?! SOMEBODY GET HER BACK INSIDE!" the enormous red-bearded man shouts before he lofts me to the side like a sack of potatoes.

'_That is Stoick the Vast. Chief of Berk. They say that when he was a baby he popped a dragon's head off with his bare hands. Do I believe it? Yes I do.' _

Before I'm swept away I hear Stoick talking with another Viking about tonight's dragon turn-out.

"What have we got this time?" asked Stoick.

"The usual, Gronckles, Nadders, and I believe I heard Hoark mention he saw a Monstrous Nightmare." the Viking replied.

"Any Night Furies?" Stoick asked while casually brushing a piece of burning wood off his shoulder.

"None so far." The Viking replied.

"Good." Stoick said and that's the last I heard before being shoved into the Forgery.

"Nice of you to finally join us Hikka. I thought you'd been carried off." a brutish man with blond hair and a braided mustache shouted over the pounding of artificial hammer hand on the hot metal.

"Oh no how could anything lift up something so much muscular and raw Viking." a short, thin girl with short, curly blond hair sarcastically remarked from the sharpener.

"Oh ha ha how hilarious." I sarcastically replied while putting my hair up in its usual braid.

'_Little Miss Smartass over there is Chickenlegs. She's been my closest friend since we were kids. She's smaller and skinnier than I am (though most of her thinness is bulked up with muscle) and yet she's still allowed to go outside during dragon battles. The big brute with the attitude and the interchangeable hands is Gobber. Chickenlegs and I have been his apprentices since we could almost lift an axe.' _

"Don't you have some fires to put out or something?" I asked slightly annoyed.

"Oh don't sound so jealous it's only fires. It's not like we actually get to kill anything." Chickenlegs replied.

Suddenly a Monstrous Nightmare flies overhead and shoots a burst of fire at the closest house.

_ 'And that we have so many new houses.' _

"FIRE!" a panicking Viking shouts.

"That's my cue." Chickenlegs says excitedly as she heads bolts out of The Forgery to go get buckets of water with the others.

_ So on this rag-tag group of "fire fighters" is Chickenlegs, my cousin SlÃ©mloust, the twins, Tuffnut and Ruffnut, andâ€¦ _

My thoughts are interrupted as one boy (presumably the leader) goes up to the fire and throws a bucket of water on the fire. Right after he turns around a dragon shoots a fireball right behind him causing his shoulder-length blond hair to blow gorgeously around his face.

_ 'Aren. Their job is so much cooler (and attractive). If I could just get out of this burning hot Forgery.' _

I look around to see where Gobber was off to. I look out one of the windows to see him trying to wrestle a Nadder with his mace hand.

'Now's my chance to show them what I'm made of.' _

I lift myself up on the window sill and nearly jump out when suddenly something wraps around my waist and throws me back inside.

"Oh no you don't hot pants." Chickenlegs laughs as she helps me up.

"Oh come on, I need to go out and make my mark." I complain.

"I believe you've made plenty of marks, just not all in the right places." Chickenlegs joked as she began to sharpen a sword.

"Ha ha but I'm serious, please just turn your head for two minutes, I'll kill a dragon and my life will instantly get better. I might even get a date." I pleaded with my friend.

"Hikka you know I love you but you've got to be realistic about this. You can't lift a hammer. You can't swing an axe. You can't even throw one of these." Chickenlegs states matter-of-factly as she lifts up a

pair of bolas.

"Fair point but this," I remark as I reveal my bolas hurler, "will throw it for me". I pat the hurler but it decides to freak out and hurls a bolas at a Viking's head, knocking him out.

"Ah yes another mark made." Chickenlegs sarcastically remarks.

"Shut up." I reply looking at the hurler. "It's just a calibration issue".

"Sure." Chickenlegs sarcastically agrees. Chickenlegs stops the sharpening wheel, but holds onto the sword. "Look Hikka, if you ever want to get out there, let alone kill a dragon you need to stop all of," she gestures to my hurler and me, "this."

"How dare you gesture at my bolas hurler." I respond with mock hurt.

"I'm serious Hikka, if you want to get out there then you've got to stop inventing things, and being, well, you." she explains.

"Gee thanks that really boosts my self-confidence." I mutter, stroking the hurler.

"You know I didn't mean it like that I just think you could do so much more if you just, stopped wanting to be a Viking and started acting like one. And that means no inventing." Chickenlegs explains, putting a comforting hand on my shoulder.

"FIRE!" a Viking screams from the distance.

"Ah yes my calling, I've got to go, just sharpen this sword and think about what I said." Chickenlegs kindly ordered as she handed me the sword and ran out of the Forgery.

I amble over to the sharpener with the sword weighting my hand and heave it up on the sharpener. As the sparks began to fly I let my thoughts wander.

_ 'Stop inventing? That's ridiculous. There has to be another way. I'll figure it out and one day, I'll get out there. Because as I mentioned before killing a dragon means everything around here. A nice Nadder head will at least get me noticed. Gronckles are tough, taking down one of those will definitely get me a boyfriend. Zipplebacks are exotic, two heads, twice the status. And then there's the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the best Viking's go after those. That's because they have this nasty little habit of setting themselves on fire. But the ultimate prize is the dragon no one has ever seen. We call it the-' _

My thoughts were interrupted by the incredible sound of a distinct high pitched whistling sound.

"NIGHT FURY! GET DOWN!" I hear a make Viking shout.

_ 'This thing never steals food, never shows itself andâ€¢' _

I drop the sword as I hurry to the window and look out to see one of the watchtowers spontaneously combust into a large

explosion.

'I never misses. No one has ever killed a Night Fury. That's why I'm going to be the first.'

Gobber suddenly rushes into the Forgery and talks as he changes his hammer to an axe.

"Hold down the fort Hikka, they need me out there." Gobber shouts over the clank of the metal. He turns around as he's about to leave and looks me straight in the eye.

"Stay. Put. There. Here. In the Forgery. You know what I mean." he orders before he runs out of the Forgery screaming a war cry.

I calculate the situation. There's a Night Fury out there that I have the possibility of catching. There must be more than just the watchtower on fire now so that will keep Chickenlegs busy. Gobber can't pull himself away from a fight. I make my decision.

I grab the back of the bolas hurler and heave it up onto its wheels. I roll it all the way to the edge of the village, ignoring the shouts of protests and people trying to wrangle me inside. I get to the top the point at the edge of the village and slam down the hurler. It opens up to reveal the crossbow that I modified to fold and unfold into the hurler. I unfold the crossbow and pull back the bow that is already loaded with bolas. I squint through the little metal ring I made for aiming.

"Come on," I whisper, "give me something to shoot at, give me something to shoot at." I plead to the gods over and over. I can hear it faint roars in the distance. They get louder and louder until I hear that distinct high-pitched sound again. There's a shot of from the sky that hit's another watch tower. As the tower explodes I see the black shadow of something. It's travels so fast across the sky that I can barely make it out. I aim the bolas hurler, close my eyes and shoot. My body is completely thrown by the recoil of the hurler, but I hear the bolas make impact with something. The black shadow screams as it goes down in the direction of Raven Point.

I throw my hands up in victory. "I hit it!" I shout victoriously. "Did anybody see that awesome shooting?!" I ask to the empty air.

Suddenly a Monstrous Nightmare rises from the edge of the point. It's so close I swear I could see the hunger in its yellow eyes.

"Except for you." I gulped. I turned tail and ran down the hill with my hands in the air and screaming at the top of my lungs.

I reached the bottom of the hill nearly getting incinerated twice by the dragon. I take cover behind one of the gigantic torches that lights up the sky so we can see the dragons. The Nightmare breathes a sea of fire at the thick post I'm hiding behind. I try to look over my right shoulder to check for the Monstrous Nightmare. I don't see anything, but boy am I so wrong. Little did I know that Nightmare had gone over to my left side and was only an inch from eating me.

Stoick the Vast leaps out of nowhere and kicks the Nightmare right in

the face. This knocks the dragon off its guard and it stumbles blindly away from me. Stoick stands in front of the dragon's face, ready for a fight. The Monstrous Nightmare tries to shoot fire at Stoick but it only manages to spit out a few smaller globs of fire.

"You're all out of juice." Stoick growls before he punches the Monstrous Nightmare right in the face. Stoick manages to get a few more punches in before the Nightmare retreats into the rising sun.

_ 'And there's one more thing you still need to know.' _

The torch's mast was completely destroyed. The burnt wood was so weak that the torch collapsed on itself and rolled down the steps setting a lot of things on fire. I mean A LOT of things.

"Sorry, Dad." I apologize over my shoulder to Stoick. I watch as the dragons carry off most of our sheep. I frantically look over my shoulder at my dad again. "O-Ok but I hit a Night Fury." I stammered, not meeting his eyes. My dad picks me up by the back of my shirt and carries me off. I try and talk to him as he drags me along.

"It's not like the last few times, Dad. I mean I really actually hit it. You guys were busy and I had a very clear shot. It went down, just off Raven Point. Let's get a search party out there, before it-"

"STOP!" Dad yelled, stopping me from finishing my sentence, "justâ€|stop." he sighed as he let me go. Now I know I did something really bad this time. He hates to yell at me, especially in public. "Every time you step outside, disaster follows. Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Winter's almost here and I have an entire village to feed!" Dad roared.

"Seriously, between you and me I think the village can use a little _less _feeding." I joke.

"This isn't a joke Hikka! Why can't you ever just follow orders?" Dad angrily asked.

"I can't stop myself. I see a dragon and I just have toâ€|kill it, you know? It's who I am Dad." I stated, trying to reason with him.

"You are many things, Hikka. But a dragon killer is _not _one of them." Dad harshly snapped. "Get to the house." he ordered me. Then he pointed to Gobber, "Make sure she gets there. I have a mess to clean up." my dad thundered.

I made my way towards my house, closely escorted by Gobber. As we walked past the "Fabulous Five" they didn't hold back on their own comments.

"That was quite the performance." Tuffnut roared with laughter.

"Wow that was the biggest screw up I've ever seen." SlÃ¬mlouste marveled mockingly.

"Thanks, you it was all so you little "fire fighters" so you would have more fires to put out." I sarcastically remarked, trying to play

their comments off. I saw Chickenlegs slip away from the group. She walked up beside me and put her arm around my shoulder. We walked in silence until I got to the front door of my house. I grabbed the handle and then turned around to face Gobber and Chickenlegs.

"I really did hit one you know." I stated to Gobber. Chickenlegs sighed, seeing where this was going, and plopped herself down on one of the steps.

"Sure you did." Gobber sarcastically replied.

"He never listens to me." I complain.

"It runs in the family." Gobber remarks.

"I'm serious and when he does it's always with this disappointed scowl. Like someone skimped on the meat in his sandwich." I added. I try to muster up the best impersonation of my dad. "Excuse me, barmaid. I believe you've brought me the wrong offspring. I ordered an amazing warrior who kills dragons. Extra muscle on the side. This here, this is a talking chicken bone!" I exclaimed with my amazing impersonation.

"HA! Talking chicken bone! Good one Hik!" Chickenlegs laughed from the step. I roll my eyes at her.

"You're thinking about it all wrong. It's not what you look like, it's _inside _he can't stand." Gobber remarks.

"Thank you for summing that up." I sarcastically reply.

"What I'm trying to say is, just stop trying to be something you're not." Gobber firmly states.

"I just want to be one of you guys." I whimper, fighting back tears. I then go in the house and slam the door behind me. I walked over to the two chairs that were in front of the fire that we never put out in our house. I try to stop myself from crying but a few tears manage to slip out. I hear the door open and close and somebody walk in.

"Go away Gobber." I groaned.

"Really? Gobber? I have _both _my legs Hikka." Chickenlegs says in mock hurt as she sits in the chair next to me. "What's eating at you." Chickenlegs asked.

"You heard my dad, I'm not a dragon killer. And if I can't kill dragons what can I do? What am I?" I whimper. "I don't have all the answers Hik, I can't tell you who or what you are. Mostly because I tried to and you nearly got eaten by a Monstrous Nightmare. But whatever you are, whoever you are I'll stand behind you on it. Ok?" Chickenlegs asks.

"Ok." I agree. We sit in silence for a little bit. Watching the flames eat away at the logs and send sparks up out of the house.

"So did you really hit a Night Fury?" Chickenlegs asks.

"I think so." I admit, but I'm sure I hit it.

"Then what are you waiting for? Go find it." Chickenlegs insists.

"Really?!" I ask in disbelief. Chickenlegs looks me in the eyes, smiles, and nods. "What about the Forgery, Gobber will be expecting me sooner or later." I ranted.

"Do you want to go or not?" Chickenlegs asked.

"Yes!" I exclaimed.

"Then go! I'll come up with a good enough excuse, I promise." Chickenlegs laughed as she lifted me out of my chair and we walked to the back door. "Go! Be free my child!" Chickenlegs exclaimed as she shoved me out of the door.

I'm going to do it. I'm going to get that Night Fury.

2. I'm Not a Viking

Cover photo by avannak (Tumblr)

All rights reserved to Dreamworks and blah blah

* * *

><p>Chapter 2

I'm not a Viking

HIKKA'S POV:

I let out a sigh of defeat as I cross out another search location on the map I drew in my journal. I then get so angry and pissed off that I scribble all over the map. Then I close my charcoal pencil in my journal and stuff it in my vest.

"Damn it. Why? Why do the gods hate me?" I yell at the sky. "You know some people lose their helmet or their knife, not me. Nope I manage to lose an ENTIRE DRAGON!" I yell louder. I smack a branch out of my way and, just to my luck, it comes right back and slaps me in the face. "Ow! Stupid branch!" I scream. Then I look at what the branch is attached to. It was a tree. A tree that is now nearly broken in half. "What in the name of Odin did this?" I wonder aloud. I follow the direction of the broken tree.

It leads to a gigantic rut in the ground. Something had upturned a bunch of dirt and roots. The rut goes over a steep lip. As I follow the rut I have to get down on all fours to climb up the lip. But when I reach the top, I see it.

The lip overlooks a clearing, and in the middle of the clearing is where it laid. A Night Fury. I gasp and take cover behind the lip. I then realize that the Night Fury is probably tied up by the bolas and that's why it kind of, crash-landed. I fumble for the dagger that I keep in my left pocket. I then dash over behind a rock so the dragon doesn't notice me. I take a deep breath, and leap out from behind the rock, taking in the closeness of the Night Fury.

>"I did it." I whisper to myself. "I did it!" I shout louder. "I have brought down this mighty beast!" I shout triumphantly as I put my foot on the dragon's side. The Night Fury lets out a grunt and pushes me off of it. I stumble back, my small amount of confidence gone.<p>

"I'm going to kill you dragon. I'm going to cut out your heart, and I'm going to take it to my father. Do you know why?" I rhetorically ask. "Because I'm a Viking." I say quietly. The dragon lets out a groan. "I'm a Viking!" I roar at it.

I lift the dagger up above my head and close my eyes. I'm about to do it. I'm about to kill a dragon. I make the sad mistake of opening my eyes. When I look down at the dragon I can see its eyes. It's afraid. I can tell by the way its breath is quickening and its pupils are dilated to slim slits. I hold its gaze for a few moments and then I do something crazy. I lower my dagger.

"I did this." I whisper to myself. I take one more look at the dagger, and then the Night Fury. "I'm not a Viking." I whisper to myself. "I am not a Viking!" I scream at the top of my lungs. I then continue to do something extremely stupid.

I begin to frantically cut the ropes that's constricting the dragon. I cut most of the ropes free and then the beast brakes free, leaps to its feet, and pins me against a rock. It just stares at me, angrily I think. I can feel its reptilian eyes boring into my soul. Then it spreads its wings and opens its mouth. I can see every single tooth that's about to devour me. I'm completely paralyzed in fear. This is how I'm going to die. I hear the familiar whistling that means certain death. Suddenly the Night Fury swoops down and roars in my face. It then turns around and leaps into the trees and flies into the cove. I stand up and begin to walk away. Before I completely pass out on the ground.

* * *

><p>I walk into the house as quietly as possible. I tiptoe around my dad who is poking at the fire. I'm almost halfway up the stairs.<p>

"Back from your walk are we?" my dad acknowledges me.

"Walk?" I ask a bit nervously.

"Gobber said that Chickenlegs had told him that you had gone on a walk. Something about not wanting to destroy anything." Dad remarks. I send a silent prayer of thanks for Chickenlegs keeping her promise.

"Yeah it was pretty boring." I state. The room is gripped by a few moments where the only sound is the crackling of the fire. "Look dad, I need to talk to you." I nervously stammer.

"I need to talk with you too." Dad adds.

"I've decided I don't want to fight dragons." I say at the same time as my dad.

"I think it's time you learn to fight dragons." my dad says at the

same time as me.

"What?" Dad asks. "That was too confusing. You go first." Dad prompts.

"No, no you can go first." I insist.

"Alright then, you get your wish, dragon training starts in the morning." Dad declares.

"Oh Thor I should've gone first. Uh, 'cause I was thinking, you know we have a surplus of dragon-fighting Vikings, but do we have enough fishing Vikings, or house building Vikings?"

"You'll need this Hikka." Dad interrupts me, again by placing an axe in my arms. I frustratingly run one of my hands through my hair.

"Dad I don't need this, I don't want to fight dragons anymore." I remark.

"Don't be ridiculous of course you do." Dad laughs.

"This isn't a joke Dad! I can't kill dragons!" I yell at him in frustration.

"But you will kill dragons." Dad insists.

"Are you even listening to what I'm saying?!" I scream at him.

"Listen Hikka, all you do is walk like us, talk like, but no more of this." Dad remarks harshly quiet as he gestures at my small body.

"You just gestured at all of me!" I shout, now extremely annoyed.

"Do we have a deal Hikka?" Dad asks me, now completely serious.

"Have I even been a part of the conversation?" I ask sarcastically, completely giving up on reasoning with him.

"DO WE HAVE A DEAL?!" Dad bellows.

"Sure, we have a deal." I groan.

"Good. Train hard. I'll be back. Probably." Dad says as he lifts up a sack and puts on his helmet while heading for the door.

"And I'll be here. Maybe." I state sarcastically as he shuts the door. I let out a tired sigh and head upstairs to my room. Which is basically just a bed. I lay myself on my bed and try to dream away the fact I'm not a Viking. But the strange thing is, I can't muster up anything to care anymore. I never fit in anyways. I close my eyes and begin to dream about getting killed by all the dragons in training tomorrow. I didn't sleep for the rest of the night. Great.

* * *

><p>Author's Note:

So this chapter's a little shorter than the first one but oh well. I'm going to try to at least post one new chapter every week ok. But it has to be understood that I have a life outside of this so you'll have to bear with me.

3. How to Nearly Survive Dragon Training

Cover photo by avannak (Tumblr)

All rights reserved to Dreamworks and blah blah

* * *

><p>Chapter 3

How to Nearly Survive Dragon Training

HIKKA'S POV:

I wake up with the sun shining in my face. Oh no. The sun is in my face. Oh gods I am going to be late! (Don't ask me how I know that I just know). I jump out of bed and hastily put my hair in a braid, so it doesn't get ripped away or catch on fire, you know, precautions. I pick up the axe that I'd discarded by my bed, hurry down the stairs, and run out the door.

When I walk into the arena I also walk into a conversation.

"Yeah, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it." I hear Aren say. Me being the smooth Viking that I am decide to jump into the conversation with the best comment I could come up with.

"Yeah, I love pain, it's so awesome." I boldly state. After that highly intellectual statement everyone turns around and looks at me.

>Tuffnut and SlÃ-mloust both turn around and sneer at the sight of me. Ruffnut just looks shocked that I'm standing there. Chickenlegs looks like she about to laugh her head off from my unusually fake comment. But Aren looks generally amused, as if he could see my attempt at trying to be cool.<p>

"How did she get in?" SlÃ-mloust smirks, her greasy black hair falling out of her helmet.

"Afraid I'll be better than you? Cousy?" I egg her on. Okay I admit it's not my best insult, but she always hates to be associated with me by blood.

>Gobber put himself between us to stop SlÃ-mloust from killing me. "Any ways, let's get started. The recruit who does best will win the honor of killing their first dragon in front of the entire village." Gobber explains.<p>

"Well Hikka already killed a Night Fury so does that disqualify her?" Ruffnut asks with a smirk. SlÃ-mloust and Tuffnut laugh at her remark.

As the rest walk towards the cages that I assume hold the dragons Gobber stops me. "Behave yourself Hikka and just lay low. The dragons will think of you as sick or insane and how after the more muscled Vikings." Gobber whispers.

"Gee thanks for that vote of confidence." I sarcastically whisper back. Gobber leads me to the rest of the teenagers who are lined up in front of the cages. He shoves me in the line and I bump into Chickenlegs who bumps me back with her shoulder with a nervous smile.

Gobber gestures to the five gigantic metal doors at the back end of the arena. "Behind these doors are just a few of the many species of dragons you will learn to fight." Gobber explains. He motions to one door that has a slimmer figure. "The Deadly Nadder." Gobber states.

"Speed eight. Armor sixteen." Chickenlegs remarks.

Gobber motions to another door that seems to have twice the size. "The Hideous Zippleback." Gobber states.

" Plus eleven stealth. Times two." Chickenlegs remarks again.

Gobber motions to a third door that has a gigantic vertical log holding back whatever was in it from killing us. "The Monstrous Nightmare." Gobber states.

"Firepower fifteen." Chickenlegs remarks a little louder.

Gobber motions to another door that's like the last one but instead the log is laid vertically across it. "The Terrible Terror." Gobber states.

"Attack eight. Venom twelve." Chickenlegs remarks more excitedly. I look at the amount of annoyance on Gobber's face, he was about to snap.

I elbow Chickenlegs in the side. "Stop it." I whisper.

"Sorry, I can't help myself." Chickenlegs whispers back.

"And finally, the Gronckle." Gobber states as he places his hand on the lever to the cage. The door is like the last one except the entrance is rounder.

"Jaw strength eight." Chickenlegs whispers.

"You nerd." I jokingly whisper back. She playfully elbows me.

"Alright good luck and..."

"Whoa hold on, aren't you going to teach us first?!" SlÃ-mloust shouts at Gobber, interrupting his statement.

"I believe in learning on the job." Gobber smartly remarks as he pulls down the lever. The Gronckle barrels out of the cage and flies straight toward us. SlÃ-mloust and the twins split off to the left

and Chickenlegs, Aren, and I go to the right. The Gronckle flies straight into the wall and falls to the ground only to get back up a second later. It bends down and scoops up a bunch of rocks.

"Today is all about survival, if you get blasted, you're dead. Quick, what is the first thing you'll need?" Gobber shouts over the sounds of the frantic Gronckle.

"A coffin?" I ask sarcastically.

"Plus five speed?" Chickenlegs asks frantically.

"A shield." Aren states, completely sure of himself.

Oh my holy Thor and Odin he's attractive AND smart. Wait, no, hold on, focus, got to focus and not get killed. Everyone runs to the weapons board at the edge of the arena and takes a shield. I'm having trouble lifting my shield up though.

Gobber walks over to me, rolling his eyes. "Your shield is your most important weapon. If you have to make the choice between a sword and a shield, take the shield." Gobber advises while shoving the shield in my arms.

I slip my arm through the strap and hold the shield up with a lot of difficulty. I try and stay out of the Gronckle's way while also avoiding the twins arguing over a shield. I see Ruffnut hit Tuffnut over the head with the shield. Then, as they're grappling with the shield the Gronckle flies out of nowhere and blasts a fireball at them. "Luckily" the fireball just hits the shield and throws them off of their feet.

"Ruffnut, Tuffnut you're out." Gobber shouts. "Those shields are good for another thing as well, noise. Make lot's of it to throw off a dragon's aim." Gobber advices from the side of the arena. Aren and Slā-mloust hit their shields with their axe and mace and Chickenlegs and I follow in suit with our hammer and axe. I watch the Gronckle as it shakes and its eyes go cross. We all split up again and run out of the Gronckle's sight.

"All dragons have a limited number of shots. How many does a Gronckle have?" Gobber asks.

"Gobber! Now is not the time for trivia!" I shout, narrowly dodging the Gronckle.

"Five?!" Slā-mloust asks while dodging the Gronckle's wings.

"No, six!" Chickenlegs shouts enthusiastically while holding her shield over her head.

"Correct, Chickenlegs six. One for each of you!" Gobber shouts a little too happily.

"Wait, what?!" Chickenlegs shouts at Gobber with her back unknowingly facing the Gronckle. The Gronckle aims its fireball at Chickenlegs' head.

"CHICKENLEGS WATCH OUT!" I shout at Chickenlegs. Chickenlegs turns around with her eyes wide. She holds her shield over her head and the

fireball blasts the shield out of her hand. I run away from the Gronckle as fast as I can. Screw it. I am not taking a fireball to the head. I go and hide behind the weapons board.

"Chickenlegs, you're out." Gobber states a little bored. Gobber then spots me peeking out from behind the weapons board. "Hikka! Get in there!" Gobber orders me. The Gronckle sees me taking cover with my shield raised and decided it would be hilarious if it were to shoot a fireball right next to my face. I scream and dive back behind the board.

"Not a chance Gobber!" I scream from behind the board. I can hear him sigh all the way from where I'm hiding. I can also hear SlÃ-mloust's pathetic attempts at hitting on Aren. I decide to peek my head out to watch her get shot down. It brings me great joy.

"So I'm moving into my parents basement. You should come by sometime and work out. You look like you work out." SlÃ-mloust compliments. I watch as Aren spots the Gronckle and summersaults out of the way. This leaves SlÃ-mloust caught off guard as the Gronckle barrels towards him. I take this distraction as an opportunity to get back out there (and maybe impress Aren, maybe). As I run out there I hear a blast and SlÃ-mloust scream. I'm assuming the Gronckle hit her shield but hey, can't blame me for dreaming otherwise. I run up beside Aren and raise my axe and shield.

"Looks like it's just me and you, Haddock." Asher remarks. I'm taken aback by the use of my last name. No one really calls me by my name unless I'm doing something wrong.

"Uh, yeah I guess-"

"Actually now it's just you." Aren interrupts as he runs off to the left, leaving me alone with the Gronckle that's barreling towards me. It fires a fireball but I manage to heft my shield up just in time to block it, but the force of the fireball knocks the shield and my axe right out of my hand and I hear the fireball explode on the wall behind me. I sprint away from the Gronckle chasing at my shield which is taunting me by rolling all the way across the arena.

"HIKKA!" I hear Gobber shout at me. But I keep running for my shield. Right before the shield hits the wall it veers off to right, causing me to double back. The Gronckle then comes up behind me and pushes me against the stone wall. Chickenlegs was right about the jaw strength. Its jaw is so gigantic and tough and strong that I can barely breath. Just like I did with the Night Fury I look right into the Gronckle's eyes. I can see the pupils growing larger with frantic interest, but mostly it is very pissed. I hear its frantic snuffing and snorting as it's trying to decide what to do with me. It then opens its mouth and I shy away at the hundreds of razor sharp teeth that greet my face. The Gronckle is readying itself to fireball me right in the face. How do I know? It's getting significantly warmer in the close proximity of my face. This is it. This time, this time I am for sure going to die. As I accept my fate I let a small tear fall from my eye. I hear the fire in the Gronckle's mouth roar louder, but all of the sudden all of the heat fades from my face. I feel a fiery blast right next to my head. The force of the close-range blast makes my head smack extremely hard against the rock, then everything goes black.

* * *

><p>"Hikka wake up! Come on Hikka get up!" I hear Chickenlegs shout. I open my eyes to see a blurry Chickenlegs right in front of my face with her hands on my shoulders. There's a terrible ringing in my ears. It doesn't seem like a lot of time has passed by. Everyone is still in the arena. Which might I add, for once, was completely silent. "Do you want to get up?" Chickenlegs asks, offering me her hand.</p>

I give my head a good shake to make the last of the ringing and blurriness fade. I then accept Chickenleg's hand and she helps pull me up. She keeps a hand on my shoulder until I stop swaying back and forth on my slightly unstable legs. I place a hand on my forehead trying to block out some of the pounding.

"Wh-what exactly happened again?" I asked vaguely. Gobber then picks me up by the back of my shirt and turns me around. He then sticks my face the spot of scorched wall that could've been my head.

"You were a perfect demonstration for my next lesson." Gobber states harshly, "A dragon will always, ALWAYS go for the kill!" Gobber thunders. He then lets me go and walks out of the arena. Chickenlegs catches me before I hit the ground. The rest of the teenagers leave too. All with the same look of shock, mock, or disgust.

Chickenlegs supports me as we hobble together out of the arena. We walk all the way to my house. As soon as Chickenlegs gets me inside and closes the door I escape her arm and run up the steps to my room, grab my journal and charcoal pencil, and run back down to Chickenlegs.

"I've got to tell you something." I hastily explain.

"Like how you're a FAKER!" Chickenlegs overdramatically shouts.

"No, well, yes, but that's not it. Listen, I hit the Night Fury." I state. Chickenlegs looks at me now fully enticed in the conversation.

"And?" Chickenlegs prompts.

"And I found it." I state confidently.

"You found it ?! Did you kill it?! Why didn't you tell me?!" Chickenlegs asks excitedly.

"I-I let it go." I stammer.

"You WHAT?!" Chickenlegs shouts in complete disbelief. Her eyes are as wide as the Gronckle's and her mouth is hanging open in shock.

"I let it go!" I shout back at her. She just gives me a look that says, "WHY?!" so I try to explain myself. "I'm not a Viking Chickenlegs! I can try as hard as I want but I'll never be one of you guys! And the fact that I couldn't kill a dragon just proves it even more." I explain.

"Ok so let me get this straight, you're secretly not really a Viking anymore?" Chickenlegs asks.

"I guess so, yes." I answer.

"And you came face to face with a Night Fury?" She asks again

"Yes." I reply.

"And you let it go?!" Chickenlegs asks as the shock of the situation kicks in.

"That is correct." I state.

"And you're still alive?!" Chickenlegs asks in astonishment.

"I know! It's crazy! It had me pinned against a rock! But then it just left." I continue. I need to go find that dragon.

"I know that look, you're going to go find that dragon aren't you?" Chickenlegs asks.

"Yep. Just tell Gobber I'm recovering from trauma or something. You're smart you've got this." I reply nonchalantly as I make my way for the door. I hear Chickenlegs sigh in disbelief. "I believe in you!" I shout jokingly as I close the door.

* * *

><p>"So why didn't you?" I ask out loud rhetorically while examining the bolas that had constricted the Night Fury. "Why didn't you just, kill me and get it over with." I ask again. Would've been a lot easier for me. I examine the clearing and find the line of broken tree branches where the dragon had flown away. The trees lead me to a cove surrounded by rock walls. The rock walls were covered in fines and roots from the massive trees that grew along the edges. It's filled with lush green plants and grass. And there's rocks everywhere. There is a little water fall that thunders down into a lake. The majority of the cove is taken up by the lake. I stop at a little overlook of the clearing. I look down to see thin black disc-like things leading down into the cove. "Well this wasn't my best idea, there's nothing here. It probably long gone" I say out loud.

Suddenly a familiar black shadow leaps up over the overlook and scrabbles at the rock walls. The Night Fury loses its grip and glides away to the shore to try again. I jump down onto a lower rock to get a better look at the dragon. I quickly take out my journal and charcoal pencil. This time when the Night Fury jumps up onto the rocks I make a quick sketch of it. I watch as it fails to climb out and let's out a roar of frustration.

"Why don't you just, fly away?" I ask rhetorically as I study the dragon. Only after the dragon flicks its tail in frustration do I notice something. It's left tail fin is missing. I mark the tail out on the drawing with the side of my hand. The dragon leaps up and tries to fly away, only to fall out of the sky and land right next to the pond. The dragon watches as a fish skims the surface of the pond and licks its lips. The Night Fury then attempts to bite some of the fish in the water, but they unluckily get away.

I drop my hands to my sides and can't help look a this hungry, tired creature and can't help but feel sorry for it. The pencil starts to

slip from my grasp. I desperately try to catch it but to no avail. The small pencil soars down to the bottom of the cove and loudly clatters on the rocks. The Night Fury notices me. I sit there paralyzed with my arm outstretched, trying to catch the pencil that's already at the bottom of the cove. The Night Fury just stands there and looks at me right in the eyes. Maybe it was the concussion talking but I think it wanted my help. No. It needed my help. I then hear thunder overhead. I need to get back to the others. I can't be traumatized forever.

* * *

><p>Author's Note:

This was kind of a late night publish for me so bear with me on any spelling and grammar errors. I'll be sure to work on anything on the weekend. Hope you guys enjoy this slightly longer chapter.

4. The Offspring of Lightning and Death

Cover art by avannak (Tumblr)

All rights reserved to Dreamworks and blah blah blah you know the drill

* * *

><p>Chapter 4

The Unholy Offspring of Lightning and Death

HIKKA'S POV:

It's pouring down rain by the time I get to the Great Hall, and I am soaked from head to toe. I walk into the Great Hall to hear Aren critiquing himself on his summersault dive. I make my way to the table while listening to the critiques.

"The dive was sloppy and it threw off my reverse tumble." Aren states.

"Yeah, we noticed." Ruffnut mumbles.

"No Aren you were great. That was just so "Aren" you know?" SlÃ-mloust chimes in her flirty comment. _How do you get your nose that brown?_ I snort at the stupidity of SlÃ-mloust's comment and she gives me a deadly glare.

"No she's right you have to be tough on yourselves." Gobber states matter-of-factly.

I reach the table and grab a plate with a chicken leg on it. I'm about to sit down when SlÃ-mloust slides over to the edge of the bench, blocking the seat. I can see where this is going. I sigh and continue to walk down the bench, looking for a place to sit.

Gobber notices me and finds it as the perfect opportunity to critique me.

"Where did Hikka go wrong?" Gobber asks the group.

I continue to walk down the bench and pick up a cup of mead on my way to the other table.

"She showed up." Tuffnut offers sarcastically.

"She didn't get eaten." SlÃ-mloust adds snidely.

"She's never where she should be." Aren states.

"Thank you, Aren." Gobber notes.

Chickenlegs gives me a sympathetic look as I sit alone at the other table.

"You need to learn and breath this stuff." Gobber states as he heads to the head of the table. He clears off plates from the table, and slams down a massive brown leather bound book with the symbol of a dragon on the front that lands with a loud thud. "The Dragon Manual also known as The Book of Dragons. Everything we know about every dragon we know of." Gobber states. He pauses for a second to listen for the conditions of the storm. Thunder rumbles confirming that this storm wasn't going away easily. "No attacks tonight. Study up." Gobber orders as he leaves the Great Hall.

Tuffnut snaps out of his gaze, sending the knife he was balancing fall to the table. "You want us to read that?" Tuffnut asks in disbelief.

"While we're still alive?" Ruffnut asks, as dumbfounded as her brother.

"Why read words when you can just kill the stuff the words tell you stuff about?!" SlÃ-mloust asks as she slams her fist into the table in discontent.

"Because, dear cousin, not all of us are as barbaric as you are." I state. SlÃ-mloust shoots me her usual evil glare.

"It's actually really interesting. There's a water dragon that sprays boiling water at your face. And there's another one that buries itself underground for like a week.." Chickenlegs starts to explain really excitedly.

"Yeah, that's great. There was a chance I was going to read thatâ€|" Tuffnut interrupts.

"But nowâ€|not so much." Ruffnut finishes the sentence.

"You guys read and I'll go kill stuff." SlÃ-mloust states as she makes her way out of the Great Hall with the twins arguing close in tow.

I look over to Aren who hasn't said anything since our critiques. "So I guess we'll share it." I prompt.

"Read it." Aren states coldly as he shoves the book towards me and walks away from the table.

"All mine then. Alright, wow. I guess I'll see you!" I'm cut off by the enormous door slamming. "Tomorrow." I finish. I turn to Chickenlegs who is just goofily smiling at me. "Aren't you going to go with the others?" I ask sadly.

"Why would I? Plus I heard this book was always best the eighth time around." Chickenlegs states as she pulls the book towards herself and pats the cover.

"You've read this seven times?!" I ask in disbelief.

"Yep. Now go dry off so we can get started." Chickenlegs orders.

I go back to the table by the light of a candle. Everyone else had gone home so every other source of light was out. The only light was my candle and the candle Chickenlegs had put next to the book so we could read it. We sit down and open the book.

"Ok. There are three dragon classifications: Strike class, Fear class, and Mystery class." Chickenlegs explains. I nod in comprehension and turn to the first page.

"Thunderdrum. This reclusive dragon inhabits sea caves and dark tide pools. When startled, the Thunderdrum produces a concussive sound that can kill a man at close range. Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight." I read out loud.

I flip over the next few pages and land on another dragon.

"Timberjack. This gigantic creature has razor sharp wings that can slice through full grown tress. Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight." Chickenlegs reads aloud next.

I turn to the next page and Chickenlegs points at the dragon.

"That's the one I was talking about before." Chickenlegs remarks a little too excitedly.

"It's called a Cauldron. It sprays scalding water at its victim. Extremely dangerous-" I'm cut off as the wind outside busts the door open and a massive thunder clap roars overhead. Chickenlegs and I scream and grab at our chests to make sure our hearts are still working. I shake my pounding heart off and turn to the next page.

"Changewing. Even newly hatched dragons can spray acid. Kill on sight." Chickenlegs reads a little shakily. I'm getting extremely frustrated. It seems like any problem we face all we have to do is kill it and then there's nothing else to it. I begin to turn the pages of the book frantically.

"Gronckle. Zippelback. The Skrill. Bone Knapper. Whispering Death. Burns its victims. Buries its victims. Chokes its victims. Turns its victims inside-out. Extremely dangerous. Extremely dangerous Kill on sight. Kill on sight. Kill on sight." I read on and on and on until finally I reach a certain page.

"Night Fury." Chickenlegs gasps.

"Speed unknown. Size unknown. The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself. Never engage this dragon. Your only chance, hide and pray it does not find you." I read. I take my journal out of my vest, open it to the Night Fury drawing, and place it under the name.

"This is it?" Chickenlegs asks in quiet disbelief.

"Yep." I answer.

"And you know where it is?" Chickenlegs asks.

"That sounds accurate." I confirm.

"What are you going to do?" Chickenlegs asks.

"I don't know. What do you do if you don't kill on sight?" I ask rhetorically. All of the sudden a big gust of wind blows in through the open door and everything goes black.

I'm up against the wall of another one of Gobber's brilliant exercises. This time we're in a labyrinth of a bunch of wooden walls. But instead of a minotaur there's a Deadly Nadder trying to kill us. I would rather have the minotaur.

"You know, I just happened to notice the book had nothing on Night Furies. Is there another book? Or a little Night Fury pamphlet? Orâ€œOHMYGODS!" I scream as my head is nearly burnt to a crisp, again. I run away from the Nadder, the shield and axe weighting my hands might as well be chicken legs.

"Focus Hikka! You're not even trying." Gobber bellows. I continue to run away from the Nadder from the top of the labyrinth. "Today is all about attack. Nadders are quick and light on their feet. Your job is to be quicker and lighter." Gobber declares from the top of the arena.

I manage to lose the Nadder behind a corner, but then I hear Chickenlegs scream. Which lead me to believe that the Nadder had found a new target

"I'm really starting to question your teaching methods!" Chickenlegs shouts up to Gobber.

"Look for its blind spot. Every dragon has one. Find it, hide in it, and strike." Gobber advises us. I don't know where everyone is in the labyrinth but can hear semi-quiet aggressive voices which leads me to believe the twins found the Nadder's blind spot. I then hear the voices escalate into shouts and then two identical screams.

"Blind spot, yes. Deaf spot, not so much." Gobber states from the outside, proving my hypothesis correct that the twins were arguing at who had the blind spot. I find a wall to back up against and look back up at Gobber.

"So, how would one sneak up on a Night Fury?" I ask Gobber.

"No one's ever met one and lived to tell the tale. Now get in there!" Gobber commands.

"I know, but hypothetically." I reason.

"Hikka!" Aren frantically whispers. I turn around to see Aren and SlÃ-mloust crouched behind a wall, the Nadder only a few feet away. Aren makes a gesture for me to get down, so I crouch and follow in suit. Aren tumbles with his shield to the next wall, out of sight from the Nadder. Then SlÃ-mloust goes, then me. Unfortunately, because of my small body, the shield fails to flip over with me and pulls me back down with a big metal clang.

The Nadder turns and screeches at me. I hastily pick up my shield and sprint away. The Nadder then leaps up on top of the labyrinth and jump in front of SlÃ-mloust and Aren.

"I've got this one." SlÃ-mloust states a little too confidently and throws her mace at the Nadder. The mace misses the dragon by a good few feet and hits the wall. I try to hold back a giggle as Aren turns and glares at SlÃ-mloust.

"The sun was in my eyes, Aren." SlÃ-mloust states. The Nadder breathes fire at them and forces them down another path. As they run I can hear SlÃ-mloust come up with more pathetic excuses. "I can't just block out the sun. I mean I could but I don't really have time to right now." SlÃ-mloust pathetically explains. SlÃ-mloust continues to run through another path while Aren keeps going straight towards me, with the Nadder closely in tow. Aren slides to stop himself from hitting the wall and then continues to run. The Nadder, however, has less traction than Aren and slides right into the wall, knocking it over. This causes sort of a domino effect and causes the rest of the walls to begin to fall down. Despite all the chaos around me I'm still trying to get information on the Night Fury out of Gobber.

"They probably take the daytime off. You know, like a cat. Has anyone ever seen one napping?" I ask Gobber while being bumped into by the rest of the teenagers who are fleeing the collapsing walls.

"Hikka!" Gobber shouts as he points to where Aren is jumping on top of the collapsing walls and sending the Nadder right toward me. Aren happens to jump onto the wall that's right behind me. The wall collapses under his weight and sends Aren flying to the ground.

"HIKKA!" Aren shouts before he lands on top of me. As Aren tries to untangle himself from me I hear a few, unsavory comments

"Oooh! Love on the battlefield!" I hear Ruffnut jeer.

"He could do better." Tuffnut remarks.

"Justâ€|let me try andâ€|why don't you just." I try to piece my sentences together to try and tell him how to untangle himself. Aren is finally released from me and stands up.

Suddenly the Nadder lets out a roar and I turn my head to see it burst out from under the rubble of the labyrinth. Aren looks grabs his axe that's wedged into my shield and frantically tries to release it from my arm. I let out a couple shouts of pain as he tries to rip my whole arm off with the shield.

The shield comes loose just as the Nadder is a foot away from us. Aren hefts up the axe and shield and slams it into the Nadder's face. The Nadder takes the hint that it's not quite welcome, it shakes off the wood, and walks away.

"Well done, Aren." Gobber congratulates, though I still detect a hint of boredom in his voice as if it would've been more fun if one of us had gotten eaten. Aren turns on me as I'm curled up on the ground in a fetal position, trying to protect myself.

"Is this some kind of a joke to you? Our parents' war is about to become ours. Figure out which side you're on." Aren shouts while threateningly pointing his axe at me. _So much for being friendly anymore. _Everyone leaves the arena besides Chickenlegs.

"You Ok?" Chickenlegs asks.

"Yeah I'm fine." I states without making eye contact.

"You should probably go check on that dragon of yours." Chickenlegs remarks while helping me up.

"Yeah, can I have that shield you're holding?" I ask.

"Sure." Chickenlegs replies as she hands me the shield. "What for?" she asks.

"Oh no reason. I kind of need a new shield after my last one just got smashed against the face of a Deadly Nadder." I remark.

"Uh huh sure, well just don't get eaten." Chickenlegs orders me as I make my way out of the arena.

"I won't!" I shout back at her.

I reach the cove and leap down the rocks until I reach crevice near the bottom. I slide in the crevice and land into the little space between the rocks. I put the shield out in front of me and lift up the fish I had grabbed from the market. I then heft the fish over the shield and out into the open. I wait behind my shield for the Night Fury to appear. Nothing

happens. I decide to leave the comfort of my crevice with my shield. However my shield got wedged between the two rocks and wont budge. I crawl under the shield, pick up the fish, and continue to walk around the cove looking for the dragon. I prowl the cove for any signs of the dragon, trying to be as quiet as possible. Little did I know the Night Fury was watching me from behind on top of one of the rocks.

I turn and let out a small gasp as I spot the dragon on the rock only a few mere feet away. The Night Fury crawls down the rock cautiously. It arches its back at me as it slowly makes its way towards the fish I'm holding out for it.

The Night Fury cautiously opens its mouth to eat the fish before its eyes turn into slits.

It recoils and lets out a ferocious growl. I lift my vest to find the source of the growling. My dagger. The dragon growls even more at the

sight of it. When I place my hand on the hilt the dragon jumps and growls louder.

I pick up the dagger with two fingers, hold it out to my side, and let it drop to the ground. The Night Fury motions with its head towards the lake. Understanding what it wanted me to do, I balance the dagger up on my foot and toss it into the lake with a small plop.

After the dagger sinks in the lake the dragon's whole demeanor relaxes. It sits up and looks at me with big, curious eyes. I make a second attempt at holding the fish out in front of me. The Night Fury crouches and cautiously makes its way toward me. It reaches me and opens its mouth to reveal nothing but gums in her mouth.

"Huh. That's funny. You're toothless. I could've sworn you had 'em!" Suddenly the dragon's teeth appear in its mouth and seize the fish. It chomps up the fish in its mouth, swallows, and licks its lips with its tongue.

"'em teeth." I finish my sentence. The dragon then looks at me and its eyes turn back into slits. It crawls toward me, I think it's looking for more fish. I back away and it keeps crawling towards me until I'm pushed up against a rock.

"No, no, I don't have any more fish." I try and reason with it. The dragon then makes a strange sound and starts heave something up. The Night Fury regurgitates the tail half of the fish into my lap. It then backs away from me and fully sits on its back legs, like a person. (Now I could most definitely tell the dragon was a girl now. Don't ask.) The dragon just looks at me for a little bit. Then her eyes go down to the fish and back at me. I do the same thing.

"Wait you want me to eat this?" I ask her. She just licks her lips in reply. I sigh and slowly take a bite of the raw fish.

"Mm yummy." I mumble through the mouth-full of fish. I hold out the rest of the fish to him. The Night Fury looks at the fish and makes a swallowing gesture.

"Seriously?!" I ask exasperatedly. The dragon licks her lips again. I swallow the whole thing, it tries to come back up but I force it down. I shudder as it slides down my throat and into my stomach. After recovering from that terrible experience I offer the Night Fury a smile.

The dragon looks at me for a second and then she does something amazing. She peels back her lips and shows her gums. She's smiling at me. I get up and stretch my hand out to her. She takes one look at my hand, bares her teeth, and then sloppily flies off to the other side of the lake. I watch her as I slowly walk towards her.

I watch as she walks in a circle while shooting fire at the grass, and then she lays in the burned grass. She lifts her head up at the sound of a bird chirping and watches it fly away. When she turns her head she notices me sitting near her. Annoyed, the dragon puts her head down and angles her tail so she can't see my face.

I scoot closer to him and reach out for her tail to study the missing fins. When suddenly, the Night Fury lifts up her tail and looks at

me. Startled, I jump up and walk over to a rock by the sandy part of the shore. I pick up a stick and begin to sketch out the Night Fury's face in the sand. As I'm drawing, a tall shadow passes over me and makes a strange purring noise. I look out of the corner of my eye to see the Night Fury. I then continue to draw him in the sand, pretending I don't see him. I finish drawing her eyes and am just starting to add some of her fins when I hear him walk away.

I look over to see him pulling down a huge branch and walking back over to me, dragging the branch in the sand. She goes around in circles. At one point she turns around and looks at me then pokes the sand with the branch. She then continues to go around and draw more circles in the sand. At one point she hits me in the head with the leaves of the branch when she goes around the rock I'm sitting on. The dragon eventually stops and sits back on her hind legs to admire her handiwork while letting out a satisfied purr.

I stand up to find myself surrounded by a bunch of lines and scribbles. I look at the "drawing" and I'm about to walk around and check it out before I step on one of the lines. The dragon begins to growl. I tense and look up at him. She was in a threatening stance, growling, and baring her teeth at me. I lift my foot up and she starts to purr again. When I put it back down she growls. Up for purring. Down for growling. I then lift my foot off the line and put it over the line. The dragon purrs even louder. I look up from my foot and smile at her. I then begin to carefully step around the lines, making sure I didn't touch a single one. I begin to get lost in the movement of my feet and the lines.

Suddenly I step into a large, familiar shadow. I'm so close to the Night Fury that I can hear him breathing. her breath sends my bangs flying into my face. I turn around and look at the magnificent creature in front of me.

I reach out my hand as second attempt to touch the dragon. she shies away and as I get closer she snarls. I take this as a sign to pull back. I have one last idea. I look away from the dragon and reach out my hand again. My hand is only inches from her face. I can feel her warm breaths on my hand. Then it happens.

The Night Fury presses its face into my hand. I let out a sigh of relief and begin to breath normally again. I look up at him and she opens her eyes and looks at me. We stare at each other for a mere moment before the dragon shakes her head, and her eyes turn to slits again. she then dashes away.

I turn and head back to the village in the pink light of the setting sun.

"and with one twist she took my hand and swallowed it whole. And I saw the look on her face. I was delicious. He must have passed the word, because it wasn't a month before another one of them took my leg." Gobber finished story, motioning to his peg leg. We were all having a fire cooked dinner on one of the watchtowers tonight. Mostly so we could watch for any attacks.

"Isn't it weird to think that your hand was inside a dragon. Like if your mind was still in control of it you could take the dragon down from the inside by crushing his heart or something." Tuffnut commented as he played with his turkey legs.

"I swear I'm so angry! I'll avenge your beautiful hand _and_ your beautiful foot. I'll chop off the legs of ever single dragon I fight, with my face." SlÃ-mloust declared as she pointed at her face.

"How would you do that? Turn them into stone with your Gorgon-like appearance?" I jeer at SlÃ-mloust. Chickenlegs lets out a laugh and I can see the twins trying to hide their smiles of delight.

"No, no, no you all have got it all wrong. It's the wings and the tail you really want." Gobber states as he rips the wings of the chicken that's attached to his metal poker hand. "If it can't fly, it can't get away. A downed dragon is a dead dragon." Gobber states. I hear oh's and ah's of astonishment from the group. Gobber then lets out a tremendous yawn gets up off of the bench he was sitting on. "Alright. I'm off to bed. You should be too. Tomorrow we get into the big boys. Slowly but surely making our way up to the Monstrous Nightmare. But who'll win the honor of killing it?" Gobber asks us. As the rest begin to talk about who kills what I quietly get up and run down the steps. I need to fix this.

I walk to my work table in the Forgery, which is now covered in drawings of the Night Fury. I pick up the original drawing and draw in her left tail fin again. I'm going to fix this. I spend all night making pieces for her new tail. Making rods, breaking apart shields to get the small metal nails that I reshape and hammer, and filling in the skeleton with leather. I open up the finished wing and compare to the plans. _It's ready._

I get up extra early the next morning and buy a whole basket of fish and an eel to take to Toothless (Yes I named him Toothless). I walk into the cove, the tail fin in one arm and the basket of fish on my shoulder.

"Hey Toothless. I brought you some breakfast. I hope you're hungry." I state while knocking over the heavy basket. All the slippery, moist, smelly fish slide out of the basket. "Okay, that's, disgusting." I grimace. As Toothless starts to investigate the fish I begin to list the catch of the day. "We've got some salmon, some nice Icelandic cod, and a whole smoked eel." I list off all the contents of the basket.

However, as soon as Toothless spots the eel she starts to pitch a fit about it. I look at him quizzically and pick up the eel. This makes Toothless even worse, she jumps back and screeches at the eel.

"No, no, no! Hey! It's okay." I exclaim as I throw the eel to the side and try to get him to calm down. "Yeah, I don't like eel much either." I state. Which is very true. Eel is seriously disgusting. Toothless then starts to eat her fish contently. "Okay. There you go, you can just eat that. And don't you mind me. I'll just be back here. Minding my own business." I murmur as I move cautiously around Toothless to her tail. I place the prosthetic tail fin next to Toothless's tail and am about to strap it on before her tail moves, again, and again, and again. Until finally I sit on her tail with my back to him (not my best decision I know) I begin to strap on her tail. I finally finish strapping her tail on and sit back to admire my handiwork.

"Not too bad." I remark. Then I pull out the rest of the fin. "It

works." I remark again.

Suddenly Toothless gives a lurch and leaps into the air at an amazing speed. Though the bad part is, I'm still on her tail.

"OHMYGODS! WAIT! WOAH! NO!NO!NO!" I scream trying to get Toothless to hear me.

As Toothless begins to fly to the edge of the cove I notice that the prosthetic fin isn't staying out like the normal fin, but begin pushed in because of the wind. As I noticed this we begin to fall, fast. I scream as we get closer and closer to the ground. Then I reach out and open the fin to its full extent.

We suddenly soar upwards into the sky. We are soaring very high above forest and above Berk. I don't even notice the height because this, is amazing.

"Oh my gods! It's working!" I shout to Toothless as I pull the tail fin to left, steering us right. We loop all the way back into the cove and skim the lake. I look at my best invention yet.

"Yes! Yes! I did it!" I shout to myself. Toothless must have finally noticed me by now because she flicks her tail and I scream as she sends me flying across the water like a skipping stone. I guess the tail must've collapse again because it isn't until seconds later do I hear Toothless let out a screech as she frantically descends into the water, making a enormous splash.

I lift my hands up above my head in the water. "Yeah!" I shout.

After I dry myself off a bit I walk over to the discarded eel on the ground. "This, can come in handy." I say to myself. Then I leave for dragon training while saying a hasty good-bye to Toothless.

5. If You Can't Fight Them

Cover art by avannak (Tumblr)

All rights reserved to Dreamworks and blah blah blah you know the drill

* * *

><p>Chapter 5

The Last Test Flight

HIKKA'S POV

"Grab a partner because today you are working in teams." Gobber instructs.

"I call Chickenlegs!" I shout as I sprint over to Chickenlegs and slam into her, nearly knocking her over. We try to contain our fits of laughter. The two other girls pair up, Ruffnut and S^lÄ-mloust, and that leaves Aren to pair up with Tuffnut. Gobber hands each of us a bucket of water.

"I think everyone else has an unfair advantage, due to the fact they have much more experience with buckets of water than I." I sarcastically state to Gobber. Chickenlegs can barely contain herself, but everyone else seems to find my comment only semi-amusing. "Geez, tough crowd, I'm just trying to lighten the mood." I mutter to Chickenlegs.

Gobber rolls his eyes at me and places his hand on the lever of the Zippelback cage. We all ready ourselves with our buckets of water as the door burst open, letting out an enormous cloud of smoke. The smoke is so thick that I can only see Chickenlegs, who is back-to-back with me.

"Today is about teamwork. Now, a wet dragon head can't light its fire. The Hideous Zippelback is extra tricky. One head breaths gas, the other head lights it. Your jobs is to know which is which, hence the buckets of water." Gobber instructs us as we blindly look into the smoke.

"Ok Chickenlegs, Hideous Zippelback, what are we dealing with?" I ask.

"Hideous Zippelback, has razor sharp, serrated teeth that inject venom for pre-digestion. Prefers ambush attack, crushing its victims—" Chickenlegs is cut off when we hear shouts of complaint. The scuffle reveals the rest of the group, they're a few feet away from us. Ruffnut and SlÃ-mlouste are soaked from head to toe.

"You idiots! Why did you throw your water at us?" Ruffnut complains.

"You're butts are getting bigger. We thought you were a dragon." Tuffnut snickers. Aren looks like he's about to comment, but he thinks better of it and watches poor Tuffnut get mangled. SlÃ-mlouste walks over and punches Tuffnut in the face and Ruffnut throws her bucket of water at him. Tuffnut hits the ground in a pained haze.

Suddenly Tuffnut is pulled back into the smoke, screaming in terror (and pain). Ruffnut is about to go after her sibling but SlÃ-mlouste holds her back.

"Wait." SlÃ-mlouste orders as she lifts her bucket, preparing to strike the Zippelback.

Ruffnut and SlÃ-mlouste are suddenly thrown to the ground as they're tripped by a tail. This causes SlÃ-mlouste to drop her bucket of water, spilling out the water. Tuffnut suddenly lets out a bloodcurdling prepubescent scream and crawls with extreme speed out of the smoke that had been concealing him moments ago. He crawls over his sister like a rug and retreats to the back wall.

"Oh I'm hurt! I am very much hurt!" Tuffnut shouts as he passes Chickenlegs and me.

"Chances of survival are dwindling into single digits now." Chickenlegs remarks, we are now the only two left with water buckets. As if on cue the dragon now decides to show its face. Or should I say one of its faces. The dragon's head slithers out of the dense smoke

and gets within inches of Chickenlegs' face. She hastily tosses the bucket of water into its face. The dragon then slyly opens its mouth, pouring out a light green gas.

"Oh. Wrong head." Chickenlegs trembles as the dragon examines her with the gas billowing out of its mouth. The dragon then sprays a ton of gas into Chickenlegs' face with tremendous force. Chickenlegs lets out shrill screams as she's blasted by the gas while running away.

"Chickenlegs!" Gobber shouts. And that leavesâ€¢ The gas head slowly turns to me. The other head spastically appears to my right, constantly sparking its mouth frantically.

"Now Hikka!" Gobber orders me. I muster up all my possible strength. My muscles scream as I toss the bucket upwards and then lift the bucket over my head. Apparently all my strength is not enough because the water barely makes it out of the bucket, let alone to the dragon's head. Sparky then leans down and looks at me, almost smiling as if it was sizing me up.

"Oh come on." I pitifully complain. The dragon look at me for a second, its mouth hanging wide open, showing all of its painfully razor sharp teeth. It then thrusts its head into me, knocking me over, and continues to walk over to me in increasing "interest". Now both the heads close in on me with their gleeful smiles.

"HIKKA!" I hear Gobber shouts like he shouted at me when I was nearly killed by the Gronckle. Not this time, no way I'm almost dying in this arena AGAIN. As the heads examine me I flash the eel that I've been hiding under my vest. The dragon recoils in disgust. I take this as my chance. I get up and try to make myself look as intimidating as possible. I lift up my hands to the dragon.

"Back! Get back! Don't make me tell you again!" I shout at the dragon as I thrust my hands toward it. The Zippleback retreats into the back corner of its cage.

"Now think about what you've done." I order as I slide the eel off my shoulder and through it into their cage. The Zippleback lets out a shriek of terror as I toss the eel from this morning into its cage and close the doors. I turn around to see everyone standing there. They were just staring at me. All of them were staring in awe with their mouths agape in shock. All except for Chickenlegs who was smiling like a fool.

"Okay! So are we done? Because I've got some things I need to, uhâ€¢yepâ€¢see you tomorrow." I shout as I run away from the arena. I hear Chickenlegs' smaller footsteps run after me and I let her follow me all the way up to the Forgery.

"Whatâ€¢wasâ€¢that?" Chickenlegs pants as we finally stop at the workbench.

"An eel." I declare as I rummage around the Forgery for our stock of leather.

"An eel?!" Chickenlegs asks in disbelief.

"An eel." I confirm.

"And how did you know the eel would cause the dragon to freak out?" Chickenlegs inquires.

"Uh, I got lucky?" I terribly lie. Chickenlegs punches me in the shoulder, making me snap my head up and look at her.

"It's that dragon isn't it?" Chickenlegs asks seriously. "You've been studying it haven't you?" Chickenlegs asks in mixed shock and disbelief.

"Not exactly." I dodge the question. Chickenlegs gives me a look like she is going to punch again and I'm still healing from a the punch from a minute ago. "Ok, ok when I let the Night Fury go, it didn't leave because one of its tail wings was severed in the crash. It didn't fly away because it couldn't. So, I'm helping it fly again." I state without making eye contact with Chickenlegs.

"That explains why there is a generous amount of leather missing ." Chickenlegs quietly comments. I lift my head up to meet her gaze.

"You're not mad?" I ask in disbelief.

"What do you want me to say Hikka? I'm very disappointed in you? I mean I'm a little shocked, ok very shocked, but this is your decision and this is who you are, Hikka. You're my best friend, from since we sharpened our first swords to forever." Chickenlegs declares. I wipe a tear from my eye.

"That was quite the speech." I sarcastically joke. I pull Chickenlegs in for a hug. "Thanks." I say as I let go of her.

"What are best friends for. Now get to work on whatever it is you're working on." Chickenlegs commands as she leaves the Forgery. I nod and wave her off. Chickenlegs stops in the doorway before she leaves.

"And Hik, next time you find a secret way of making a dragon melt in your hands, do share with me. I'm not the best in the arena." Chickenlegs remarks as she finally leaves the Forgery.

"No promises!" I shout after her I hear her distant laugh as she gets farther from the Forgery.

After a few hours of looking I finally find enough leather for my next project. I work into the night stitching and sewing pieces of leather together, making adjustment holes in the straps, and using some scrap metal to fashion the buckles. After polishing it off, it's finally complete. A saddle.

I decide to sleep in today, seeing as we don't have training today and we have a surplus of weapons in the Forgery. After getting up I quickly gather up the saddle, my journal, my tools, and a basket of fish and head down to the cove. After Toothless finishes her breakfast I bust out the new saddle.

Toothless gets into a gleeful stance, and when I try to go put it on her she runs away.

"Hey! Get back here!" I laugh at her as I chase her around the cove, holding the saddle over my head.

After fitting Toothless into the saddle we take a small little test flight across the lake to test my new theory on keeping the tail up. I tie a piece of rope to the makeshift tail and have the other end of the rope to control the tail. This causes me to fly off into the lake whenever I make the slightest pull. The design needs some adjustment.

That night I decide to fashion sort of a harness for myself out of the leather. The harness loops around my middle and is attached to a leather cord that hooks onto the saddle. It seems to be more secure than just me on the saddle.

The next morning I wake up earlier because I have training today. I gather all my materials and go down to the cove to do test flight #2. I remove my usual yak vest off of my usual long sleeve green shirt, and I strap on my harness.

I fit Toothless into her own harness and we take off. This time I have the rope tied around my foot. It maneuvers much easier this way and we get considerably farther than last time. That is until my foot doesn't maneuver the tail all too well and we crash into a field of tall, soft, green grass. The harness comes loose and I fly off of Toothless and stumble to a stop in the grass. Note to self, make some more adjustments to harness. The grass is taller than me but I can still hear Toothless having some kind of conniption. I turn to see Toothless rolling around happily in the grass. Dragons like this stuff. This could most definitely come in handy in training today. I grab a handful of the "dragon nip" and fly Toothless back into the cove. I then make my way to dragon fighting to go test out the new secret.

I come face to face again with my admirable foe, the Gronckle. I think that by now Gobber is just doing this to laugh at us getting hurt. Mostly everyone is almost out again except for me, Aren, and Tuffnut.

The Gronckle suddenly comes flying out of nowhere and barrels into Tuffnut, knocking him out. Now it's just Aren and me again. Though this time I couldn't be more alone. The Gronckle spots me and is barreling straight toward me. I'm about to meet the same painful fate as Tuffnut. But he didn't have a secret weapon.

I pull the "dragon nip" out of my pocket, but don't make it apparent that it's there. I hold out my clenched fist in front of the Gronckle. The dragon slides to a stop right in front of my hand. It makes a happy snorting sound and its pupils get really big and friendly.

I rub the dragon nip on the Gronckle's snout and then have it roll over on its side. Everyone is in the same state of disbelief as when I had "defeated" the Zippleback the day before. Gobber gives a suspicious quizzical look as he hustles the dazed Gronckle into its cage.

"That's it for the day. Go get rest. You face the Nadder again tomorrow." Gobber distractedly orders. I walk out of the arena with Chickenlegs. However, now we have company. Ruffnut and Tuffnut are

jumping around me and asking questions like eager puppies.

"How'd you do that?" Ruffnut asks.

"Whatever it was, it was pretty cool." Tuffnut adds. Even SlÃ-mloust jumps in with a few questions.

"What was that? Some kind of trick? What did you do?" SlÃ-mloust asks with increased interest. I catch Chickenlegs eye from behind SlÃ-mloust's back. She gets the message. I need to get out of here.

"Hey I heard they spotted some Thunderdrums off the coast! Let's go check it out!" Chickenlegs excitedly shouts over all the questions. I shoot a grateful glance at her.

"Oh great I left my axe in the ring! You guys go ahead, I'll catch up." I insist as I turn tail and run back towards the arena. I turn around a little too fast and nearly run into Aren who was slowly tailing behind our merry little group.

"Sorry!" I shout over my shoulder as I sprint to the arena.

I make a quick stop at the Forgery to make some more adjustments to the harness before I go to visit Toothless. I remove my vest and get to work. Now, not only does it loop around my waist, but it also crisscrosses across my torso and is stitched to a vest-like back to ensure it doesn't fall off. The straps are bound together with a golden disc buckle that attaches in the middle of my chest. After grabbing some simple tools from my workbench I make my way to the cove to see Toothless.

"Hey Bud!" I shout as Toothless comes bounding toward me. She playfully knocks me to the ground, pinning down my shoulders. I block out the intense pain in my shoulders with giggles and a smile. I try and pull out the rope from the waistband of my harness, which proves difficult when a dragon that's ten times my weight is sitting on my shoulders. I wave the rope in her face.

"Let's go Bud." I laugh as unpins me from the ground. Today, instead of flying around I decide to ride Toothless' around the cove to get a better feel for things. Where I can rest my leg when it has the rope on it, etcetera. This only lasts for a few minutes before I take off Toothless' saddle so we can run around and play. I squat down on my knees and pat them excitedly to get to Toothless to engage in play. She gets down into her play stance and barrels into me, knocking me to the ground. I hit the ground and all the air is knocked out of me. I gasp for air. Toothless looks at me and lets out a purr of concern. She leans down and presses her head underneath me and helps me up.

"Thanks bud." I gasp as I get my breath back. Without thinking my hands begin to scratch around in circles on Toothless' head. Toothless lets out a pleasant pure.

"You like that Bud?" I ask as I scratch her quicker around her skin. "Do you like being pet Bud?" I ask rhetorically again. "You don't get a lot of love out here do you?" I ask her. I scratch faster and faster. "Do you?" I ask Toothless in I more and more babying voice. I scratch one spot right under her chin and suddenly Toothless just

collapses. _Uh-oh. _I look down at Toothless. her eyes are closed and she is purring contently. I look at my hands. _Interesting._ I stroke Toothless on her unconscious head.

"Bye Bud, see you tomorrow." I whisper to her, trying not to wake her.

We are back in the arena, facing the Deadly Nadder. I didn't have time to check on Toothless morning because I had slept in late and nearly missed training. Aren and I are the only ones left in the ring. Gobber kind of swept the rest aside. The twins had got matching burns on their arms, Chickenlegs was get spikes out of her back, and SlÃ¢-mloust had been subjected to another head butt from the Nadder.

Aren lets out a furious scream as he lofts his battle axe right at the Nadder. The Nadder lets out a screech as it easily hits the axe aside with its large head and heads straight for Aren. Aren dashes away to go retrieve his axe, leaving me right in the path of the Nadder.

As it tromps over to me at full speed I drop my mace and flinch as the Nadder gets right in my face. I'm in it's blind spot. Excellent. As the Nadder is sniffing at me, trying to find me, Aren gives a ferocious scream while running at the Nadder with his axe raised. This turns the dragon's attention away from me. I begin to scratch at the Nadder's head, trying to find that magic spot. Aren's getting closer now. He's a few feet away. I frantically scratch and hit the spot under the chin just in time. The Nadder goes down just before Aren gets to it. Aren's axe is in mid-swing and he's panting like a crazy person. He looks at me, then the fallen Nadder, and gives me the same look of shock he had when I "took down" the Zippleback. His axe falls to his side in defeat. Everybody was too preoccupied with their injuries and didn't see me take down the Nadder. Besides Gobber and Aren, who were both in complete shock, nobody knew I had once again come out victorious. I use this as my advantage and slip away to the Forgery.

I work into the night on Toothless' new tail maneuvering mechanism. The rope just isn't cutting it enough, but I think I'm getting somewhere by using my foot. After I'm content with my roughs sketches of the mechanism the sun as already left the sky. My stomach lets out a ferocious growl and persuades me to travel down to the Great Hall for food.

I walk into the Great Hall to see Chickenlegs sitting at my lonely table. She spots me and pats the spot next to her on the bench. It makes my heart swell with joy to see that I finally have someone to sit with. I pass the table where everyone else is sitting and take a seat next to Chickenlegs at _our _table. She even got me a plate and some mead already too.

However Chickenlegs' company is short-lived as the twins notice my presence and shout excitedly as the head over to our table. I guess they did notice my triumph of the Deadly Nadder today. As the twins, and now SlÃ¢-mloust too, bring the attention of my presence basically half of the tribe rushes over to the table. They ask me of my "legendary" triumphs over the Nadder and the Gronckle that I had only "defeated" a few days ago. The attention is nice and everything, but I just wanted to eat with my best friend. I give Chickenlegs a meager

smile and try to answer as many questions as I can. I notice, though, that there is one person who isn't all too excited by my presence. Aren. Who is maliciously glaring at me from his now empty table.

The excitement of my arrival only lasts an hour before mostly everyone decides to head home. Chickenlegs and I decide to clear out with the last of the people and go back to my house. We take the seats next to the fire. We sit in silence for a few moments, just listening to the fire crackle. Chickenlegs is the first to speak.

"So, someone's gotten popular." Chickenlegs mutters, not taking her eyes off of the fire.

"Are you mad at me or something?" I ask, trying to meet Chickenlegs' eyes. Chickenlegs takes off her helmet and exasperatedly runs a hand through her hair.

"I don't know Hikka I just thought that maybe my best friend would clue me in on a few secrets to her success so I don't get spines shot at me by a Nadder, or barreled into by a Gronkle." Chickenlegs spats at me. I can hear the venom lacing her tone.

"What do you want me to say? I'm sorry for not cueing you in about every secret that I find out? I'm sorry I didn't tell you I found a Night Fury? Do any of those suit you Chickenlegs?" I ask sarcastically. Chickenlegs glares at me and opens her mouth to reply, but I decide to keep going. "Or how about, I'm sorry I leave you behind or clue you out of what's happening? Kind of like what you've been doing ever since you joined that stupid fire team!" I shout at her. Before I know it I am standing up and tears well in my eyes. "You left me there, in that god damn Forgery, all by myself. You. Left. Me. I tried smiling through it, you were only gone for a little while, shouldn't be that bad. But everything changed, you would talk to me less, you weren't around anymore. So don't lecture me on not filling you in, you don't have the right!" I shout louder at her. The tears are falling fast down my cheeks (Yeah I cry a lot deal with it).

The silence envelopes us. My hands are clenched together in tight fists at my side. My vision is blurred by the tears. Chickenlegs looks at me with big, shocked eyes; her jaw is completely slack. Chickenlegs gets up out of her chair without saying a word. She reaches out her hand to, I don't know, comfort me maybe. But she rethinks it and withdraws her hand.

"Just get out of here Chickenlegs." I whimper without looking at her. But Chickenlegs continues to stand there.

"I said, GET OUT!" I shout as I swing open the door and push her outside before slamming the door in her face before she can say another word. My hands are trembling with unbelievable rage. I would usually think about doing something rash and stupid if I couldn't feel the subtle shadows forming under my eyes. A small yawn forms in my mouth and soon climaxes into a gigantic yawn. Anger tomorrow, sleep now. I go upstairs, barely even care enough to remove my vest, and burrow myself underneath my blankets.

Tonight I have horrors of being trapped alone in the Forgery. Chickenlegs runs away, promising to be back soon. Suddenly, bars

block the windows and I notice a ball and chain that weighs me down to the ground. I can hear Toothless crying out to me. I can see the fear, hurt, and betrayal in her eyes as Vikings, led by my dad, take her away. I awake with a terrified scream. I'm in my bed and Toothless is safe.

I look out the window to see the pink streaks of a new day just beginning to illuminate the sky. Training doesn't start for awhile, I should go visit Toothless. Not even bothering with my vest, I gather up some tools and Toothless' saddle. Then, I head down to the market to get some fish for Toothless. She's probably hungry considering I didn't feed her yesterday. After gathering up all the supplies I make my way to the cove.

While Toothless eats her fish as I work on one of the flatter rocks in the cove. I'm trying to alter the saddle so it can attach to the new tail maneuvering system I'm planning. I'm also trying to fashion leather shoulder pads for my own harness to make me more aerodynamic. The first lights of day are just beginning to light up the cove. I happen to be sitting in the perfect spot to be warmed by the morning sun. My hammer gleams in the sun as I work on the harness. I hear the thundering of gigantic feet as Toothless hops around the cove in pursuit of something. It isn't until a few moments later that I realize she is following the small speck of light that is reflecting off of my hammer.

I hold the end of the hammer in one hand and the head in the other. I move the small ray of light around the cove and watch as Toothless tries to pounce on it. I laugh as she continues to chase it on walls and into the water. Awhile later I reattach Toothless' saddle and say good-bye as I leave for Training. It's time to put my new method to the test.

After rushing back to my house to put away my tools and retrieve my vest, as to not deviate from routine, I miraculously make it to the arena with everyone else. Gobber asks us to line up in front of one of the cages with our shields. I'm sure to stay away from Chickenlegs, on the other side of the group, and make sure to avoid her eyes.

Gobber pulls the lever that lifts up the large log off of the gate.

"Meet the Terrible Terror." Gobber declares.

We all look down to see a small green dragon with big orange eyes. It may be small but I can tell by its razor-sharp claws it's not harmless.

"Ha! It's like the size of my—" Tuffnut's boast is cut short as the small dragon leaps right at his face. Tuffnut lets out his signature prepubescent screams as the Terrible Terror mauls his face.

"Get it off!" Tuffnut shouts. Everyone is either too amused or slightly shocked to do anything about the small dragon attacking Tuffnut's face. I glance at the sun and glance at the metal front of my shield. I maneuver the shield so it reflects the sun into a beam, like with the hammer this morning. I shine the beam in the Terror's eye and then move it to the ground.

The Terrible Terror stops gnawing on Tuffnut's nose and directs its attention to the beam on the ground. It scuttles down to the ground to investigate the beam.

I continue to move the beam along the ground. The Terror keeps following it. I closely lead it to the small door that the dragon came out of. The Terror goes through the door, hoping to finally catch the light. As it goes back inside its cage I block the door from opening with my foot so it can't get back out. I turn to the group and give a sly smile.

"Wow she's better than you ever were." Ruffnut points out to Aren. _Uh-oh that will not blow over well with him. _I steal a glance at Chickenlegs who wears a knowing glare on her face.

"I guess, that's all for today. The two final students will be determined in a few days. Go get some rest, and don't get eaten." Gobber cheerily orders as he sends us off. I run out of there just like every other day I run out of there. On the way to my house I pick up a small basket of fish from the market and strap it to my back, Toothless cooperates better that way. I then go to my house, switch my vest for my harness, grab my materials and the new tail maneuvering mechanism, and head for the cove.

I'm walking through the forest to the cove when I hear a loud thud against a tree. Then another, and another. Then as I find myself getting closer I hear grunts and shouts of frustration. But they were familiar. I quietly peek over one of the rocks to see the top of a blonde head with a metal hair band wrapped around it. It's Aren. _I knew it wouldn't blow over well._ I can't help but watch a bit as his muscles tense when he throws the axe at the same tree, grab it, and then summersault back to his starting spot. _Ok Hikka, that's enough creepiness for one day. Here's the plan, right before he throws the axe at the tree, make a stealthily run for it before he summersaults back. Piece of cake. _I'd seem to have forgotten that I'm not the stealthiest Viking. Halfway to the next rock I trip over a root causing me to stop right as Aren summersaults back.

He looks at me with shocked, questioning eyes. I take this moment of shock paralysis to run as fast as I can away from him, away from him finding out about Toothless. I manage to make around the rock I was heading to, before Aren unfreezes, and manage to take cover in a dense cluster of nearby bushes. As I quietly crouch away I can here Aren let out a frustrated growl as he loses me. _Good, I lost him.

I spill out the contents of the basket that Toothless happily devours (even though I just fed her this morning). As she eats I begin to fasten the new tail mechanism. It consists of a few leather cords that are bound together by metal buckles. The leather cord connects to a foot holster that attaches to one of the new buckles I attached to Toothless' harness this morning. The foot holster itself is made of a slab of leather (leather is the best thing in the world don't let anyone else tell you otherwise) and has the outline of a shoe, support at the heel and what not, with one strap across the foot. Rope holds the whole thing together. I finish setting up the tail system and wait for Toothless to finish her fish. After a bit Toothless finishes and throws the basket off her head.

"Ready Girl?" I ask Toothless excitedly as I triple check her harness

and tail mechanism. Toothless gives her tail an excited shake. I take the bundle of rope I brought and wrap it around my shoulder. "Let's go." I reply with a smile. I direct Toothless out of the cove and we head up to Raven Point.

When we get to Raven Point I tie the length of rope to a sturdy stump and attach it to Toothless' harness. "Alright Girl, let's take it easy." I comment. Toothless spreads her wings and lets the air lift us up off the ground. I hold Toothless' tail position as we glide in place. The force of the wind unravels my hair from its braid and a laugh escapes me. I feel closer to the sky, which is now turning pink with the setting sun. "This is great Girl! I can't wait until the real thing!" I shout over the wind to Toothless. I click the tail into one of the positions that causes Toothless and me to fall softly to the ground.

I write down the tail position, Position 5, and draw a diagram of what it looks like. "Alright Girl, let's go again." I state. Toothless spreads her wings again, waiting for the wind to pick us up. Soon enough we are flown back up into the sky, but the wind is more ferocious this time. I try to steer Toothless to the ground but the wind pushes back even harder. Until suddenly, the rope snaps, and Toothless and I are thrown back into the trees. Toothless flips himself up from her back and onto her legs. I feel a tug at my waist as I'm being pulled up with Toothless. I turn myself as best I can and look at my safety cord. The safety hook is bent around the ring on Toothless' harness. "Oh great." I mutter to myself. I have to go find something to remove the connecting cord. That means I have to take the most rare and elusive dragon, the one that everybody would kill for one chance to, well, kill, right into the near middle of my village. Great.

I lean against one of the buildings as I see the light of a torch come closer to me. I push Toothless as far back into the shadows of the building as she can go. The random patroller walks by me and tips his Viking hat.

"Hikka." he greets me as he passes me. I give him my best smile and nonchalant wave. When the torch light fades I pull Toothless out of the shadows to lead her to the Forgery. I sprint as fast as I can with Toothless and leap into the Forgery. I make my way for the tool bench to find the right tool to unbend the safety hook. Suddenly I hear a crash and look behind me to see the rack of spears on the ground next to an out of place basket.

I give a scolding glare at Toothless who flattens her ears to her head when I scold her. I continue you to search through the bench for the right tool when I hear Toothless let out a low growl. Somebody else is in here. In all the adrenaline I guess I must've forgotten to check to see if there was any light in here. _Ohnonononono Please don't be Gobber. Anybody but Gobber. Please Odin Almighty!_

I turn to see Chickenlegs standing in the doorway her jaw completely slack and her eyes wide (again). Her charcoal pencil falls from her limp hands that had fallen to her sides. I place a hand on Toothless to comfort her. "Shush Girl." I order her. Toothless stops growling. She opens her mouth to scream before I throw my hand on it. "Shhhhhh. I can explain but you can't scream." I whisper to Chickenlegs. She nods her head. "Pass me that wrench." I command holding out my hand for it. Chickenlegs nods and hands the tool over to me. I begin to

wrench the safety hook when I hear someone outside.

"Hikka?" a male voice calls from outside. _What? What could anyone possibly want right now?! _I stop working on the safety hook.

"Are you in there?" the voice asks. As I hear his footsteps draw closer I pull Toothless closer to the window. I jump through the shutters and close them behind me. I am now face to face with none other than Aren. I then notice that I am a complete mess. My hair is an unbraided, unruly mess that most likely has a branch or two in it.

"Aren! Hi! Uh- hi Aren. Hi Aren. Hiâ€|Aren." I stammer trying to blindly pick the branches out of my hair while smiling my best fake smile. Aren gives me a suspicious cold glare.

"I normally don't care what people do, but you are acting weird." Aren accusingly growls while pointing at me. I feel a tug at the waist and hit the window sill. _Toothless no. _

"Eheheh." I nervously laugh, trying to detach myself from Toothless.

"Well, weirder." Aren sneers while giving me a surveying look. Suddenly I feel myself lift off the ground, my legs hanging in mid-air. I feel I final tug as I get pulled back into the Forgery through the shutters. _Well that's going to be hard to explain later.

-

"Don't worry, don't worry I almostâ€|got it!" Chickenlegs quietly exclaims as she unbends the hook. I don't even have time to thank her before I jump on Toothless' back and she stealthily leaps off into the night. As we leave I hear the Forgery's shutters open and hear Chickenlegs' stammering voice answer.

* * *

><p>Author's Note:

Whoo that was a long one. This should hold you buzzards off for a couple of days, right? I'm pretty frickin proud of myself if I do say so myself. I hope I got most of the grammar and spelling this time. Enjoy your reads, now if you don't mind I have a Biology test tomorrow that I REALLY need to study for!

6. The Final Test Flight

Cover art by avannak (Tumblr)

All rights reserved to Dreamworks and blah blah blah you know the drill

* * *

><p>Chapter 6

The Final Test Flight

HIKKA'S POV:

I wake up the next morning to a knock on my door. "Dad?" I ask out loud. As much as I hate him being disappointed in me I'll never wish to be an orphan. I run down the stairs and open the door. The door opens and reveals Chickenlegs standing outside my on my porch. In her hands is two turkey legs and two bottles of mead.

"Truce?" Chickenlegs cheekily asks. I close the door but it hits Chickenlegs' foot and swings in. "Ok. That was unnecessary." Chickenlegs remarks as she walks into my house.

"What do you want Chickenlegs?" I ask, annoyance thickening my voice.

"How about I start with, I'm sorry." Chickenlegs states. I open my mouth to object but she keeps going. "I'm sorry that I was such a gripe about the whole dragon methods. I'm sorry I blamed you for not revealing every single secret. I can say all these things and not mean them at all, but I have one thing that I will always be sincerely sorry for. My biggest regret is that I left you alone and abandoned you because I wanted to go out there and fight dragons when I should've stayed and looked after my best friend. And for that I am truly sorry." Chickenlegs chokes out the rest. We stand in what is beginning to become a familiar type of silence.

"Is that mead any good?" I ask Chickenlegs with a smile. She gives me the brightest smile I've ever seen and lobs me a bottle.

After we throw some logs on the fire to cook the turkey legs and wolf them down we hold our bottles of mead and tell jokes and laugh. It felt good, like the argument never even happened. We laugh and laugh until our sides feel like they're being jabbed (yes it is still morning). We decide to put down the bottles when they are half way empty so we can compose ourselves to actually talk. After awhile we finally "sober up" and get more serious.

"So why did you bring a Nightfury into the village last night?" Chickenlegs asks, still a bit giggly.

"Well when I was riding on Toothless-" I begin.

"You named it?!" Chickenlegs asks in disbelief.

"Yes, now shush." I command as I continue. "I was writing down tail positions for Toothless when the wind picked up and threw us into the forest; the impact bent the safety hook that I put on her saddle so I wouldn't fall off." I finish explaining.

"So wait, wait hold on a second you've been riding on the back of a Nightfury?! Chickenlegs asks again in continued disbelief.

"That is correct." I confirm, like I've done so many times before. Chickenlegs gets up from her chair, sways a little bit, but the stables herself.

"I want to meet this dragon." Chickenlegs declares. I stand up to meet her eyes.

"Really?" I ask a bit shocked.

"Yeah, I can help you find out the dragon submission methods, I can write them down. We can make a book about how to control dragons." Chickenlegs excitedly continues.

"Ok, well let's go, I've got one more test flight to run, you can stand by in the cove, maybe do some research, doodle in my journal." I pick up the idea as equally excited.

"Sweet!" Chickenlegs exclaims. I make my way for the door before she stops me. "Wait, I just remembered, the ships are back. I saw your dad talking to Gobber awhile ago. You should go out the back way, I'll get the fish and meet you there." Chickenlegs explains.

"Good, good idea Chickenlegs." I compliment. I search my waistband for my journal. I pull it out and hand it to Chickenlegs. "Here, take this, there's a map to the cove inside. When you get there jump down the best you can, but don't make yourself apparent. There should be a shield wedged between a gap in one of the rocks. Wait for me there." I explain as I hand her the journal.

"Will do." Chickenlegs comprehends as she excitedly leaves the house for the fish. After Chickenlegs leaves I put on my harness and leave the house. Ever since I've been leaving Toothless' saddle with her I've had a lot less of a weight to carry.

I hop down the rocks and into the gaps where Chickenlegs is waiting.

"Do you have any weapons on you?" I ask Chickenlegs. She pats herself down and shakes her head.

"Ok, I'm going to go out there and get her to lighten up. Then I'll bring you out and instruct you through the rest ok?" I ask making sure she understands my instructions. Chickenlegs nods in understanding at my words.

I give Chickenlegs one last curt nod before I duck under the shield and walk into the cove.

"Toooooothless. I've got something to show yooooou." I call out into the cove. I look around the cove and spot Toothless hanging from one of the tree roots that overflow into the cove. She must still be tired from the late night we had last night. I feel I sly grin come across my face as I sneak over to where Toothless is hanging, trying not to make a sound.

I place my head right next to her's and let out the most ferocious, Viking-like scream I could muster.

Toothless' eyes spring open as she lets out a screech and falls to the ground. I double over in a fit of laughs and giggles. As the fit subsides I get to the task at hand and lead Toothless to where Chickenlegs waits behind the shield.

"Time to go Chickenlegs." I whisper into the gap. I give Toothless some space from the gap and sit on a nearby rock. Chickenlegs needs to try and do this by herself.

I watch as Chickenlegs ducks under the shield holding one of the fish from the basket. Toothless lets out a low growl and flashes her teeth

as she steps in front of the rock I'm sitting on. If Toothless thinks Chickenlegs is going to hurt me this will be a bit harder. Chickenlegs backs up and holds the fish out in front of her while holding out her other hand.

"I'm not going to hurt her Toothless." Chickenlegs gulps as she tries to reason with Toothless. Toothless looks at Chickenlegs with narrowed eyes and looks over to me for clarification. I smile at Toothless when she looks at me. She turns her head back over to Chickenlegs and edges closer to her.

Toothless gives Chickenlegs a once over, looking for signs of a threat. Luckily I had advised Chickenlegs to remove her dagger before we came here. But something sends Toothless into a growl again. I look over to see Toothless glaring daggers at the small Viking hat that sits on top of Chickenlegs' head.

Chickenlegs, heading my advice, grabs her helmet with her free hand and drops it to the ground. She then uses her foot to roll the helmet off into the lake. As soon as the helmet hit's the water Toothless' demeanor relaxes completely.

Toothless slowly makes her way towards the fish with her mouth open and her teeth retracted. She gets closer and closer until the fish is almost in her mouth.

"Oh so that's why your name is Toothless." Chickenlegs remarks.

I hear I surprised and shocked yelp from Chickenlegs as Toothless bites into the fish and throws it back in her mouth. Toothless sniffs Chickenlegs for more fish and even though she doesn't back away like I did she still ends up on the ground because Toothless nudged her a bit too hard.

"Do you want me to go get more fish Toothless?" Chickenlegs asks a bit nervously.

Suddenly I hear Toothless regurgitate half of the fish into Chickenlegs arms. I hear Chickenlegs let out a disgusted sigh as she takes a bite of the fish and swallows it with some difficulty.

Then, following my earlier instructions Chickenlegs gets up slowly, closes her eyes, and looks over her shoulder. She then slowly reaches out her arm to Toothless' face. I watch as Toothless gives her one last once-over and then leans into her hand. I see Chickenlegs knees nearly buckle as Toothless removes her snout from her hand.

I let out a whoop of joy from my rock and Toothless comes over and jumps happily around me, feeding off my excitement. I run over to the shield and heft the fish basket over. Toothless lets out a shout of joy as the contents spill over onto the ground.

After Toothless finishes off the fish I decide it's time for our final test flight. After I check Toothless saddle and my safety hooks I clip the cheat sheet I made onto Toothless' harness.

"Don't wait up Chickenlegs!" I shout down into the cove as Toothless and I fly off to Raven Point.

We get to the top of Raven Point and I saddle up on Toothless. I pat

Toothless on the side.

"Ready Girl?" I ask as I hook on my harness. Toothless lets out an excited shout and leaps up into the sky. I shout as I'm lifted up into the endless blue sky. Toothless glides and wait for me decide on tail positions. I look around to see the mountain that reaches up into the clouds. The forest is below me and the ocean is even farther down. I feel my stomach drop to my feet when I look at the distance between me and death.

"Oh no, ohgodsohgods Ok, Ok Toothless we're going to take this nice and slow." I announce to Toothless. "Ok here we go here we go, position three no wait, four, position four." I clarify to myself as I look over the tail position cheat sheet. I click the tail into position as we slow our guide. I don't have to see Toothless' face to know she's rolling her eyes at my reluctance to accelerate.

As we glide into an arch I pull up on Toothless' saddle to make sure it's secure and I don't fall off and plummet to my...never mind.

As Toothless and I glide into the clear sky I look back to check Toothless' tail fin. It seems to be functioning properly. It flaps a bit more in the wind than I would like but it's doable. It's time to speed things up a bit.

"Ok, ok it's go time. It's go time." I mutter to myself. I lean into the saddle and press myself down. Toothless follows in motion and dives down toward the water. I feel myself lift up as we make our descent to maintain my balance on the saddle.

We're going down faster and faster, accelerating toward the water. I hear as Toothless flaps her wings to steady our descent towards the water. We are so close to the water that when Toothless sways her wings to the side the tips touch the water, sending it spraying up against my legs. I feel Toothless swaying more, trying hard to maintain her balance.

"Come on. Come on Girl. Come on Girl!" I shout to Toothless over the deafening wind. Toothless and I level out as we glide under a large arch of rocks. I look up to see dots of white seabirds high above us, nearly scraping the top of the arch of rock.

After we glide under the rock I look over my sides to check the harness and the tail fin.

"Yes it worked!" I shout down to Toothless. I lean and make us go even faster. But I kind of accidentally steer us into a sea stack. Toothless hit's the rocks and lets out a pained yelp.

"Sorry!" I shout to Toothless. I steer us away from the sea stack only to run Toothless into another sea stack.

"Ok that was my fault." I declare. Toothless lets out an annoyed growl and slaps me with one of the fins on her face.

"Ouch! Geez. I'm on it. Position four, no three." I declare. I quickly refer to the cheat sheet and then click the tail position. Toothless feels the shift and begins to climb into the sky. I hear Toothless let out an excited roar as we climb up into the clouds. I

look to my left and see us almost leveled with the top of the mountain. I feel my hair release itself from its braid and fall out into the wind.

"Yeah! Go Girl!" I shout to Toothless as we climb higher and higher. Toothless sticks her tongue out of her mouth and lets out a delighted shout. We keep going and going, up into the clouds.

"Oh my gods! This is amazing!" I shout out to the sky. "The wind, blowing in myâ€¢!" suddenly the tail position sheet flaps out from the clip and flies into the sky, "CHEAT SHEET! STOP!" I shout to Toothless as I let go of the saddle to catch the cheat sheet. Toothless reaches our flight's peak and stops in the air. I feel myself lift up off of Toothless' back as my safety harness lifts out of the hooks. I'm flying through the air again, right off of Toothless' back and into the open sky. I fly in front of Toothless' face and see the utter shock on her face when she sees me in front of _her_.

"Toothless!" I scream as I begin to fall. Toothless lets out an ear blasting screech as we both fall down to the ocean below us. My back is facing the ground as I stare straight up at the endless blue sky.

"Oh my gods! OH MY GODS! NO!" I scream as I fall fast down the enormous distance Toothless and I just climbed. I manage to flip myself over on my stomach. I try and reach for Toothless' wing but all that happens is that I run into and flip over and over until I "land" on my stomach . Toothless manages to dive down and meet me where I ended up, but she begins to spiral out of control. My hair is whipping every which way around my face and in my eyes as I try to reach out to Toothless.

"Ok Toothless just angle yourself towards me." I shout to Toothless who can't hear me over her spastic spinning. "No I mean come back towards me! Just come back towards me!" I shout quickly over and over again. As Toothless tries to angle himself on her downward spiral her tail suddenly smacks me right in the face.

"OW!" I scream as the tail bitch slaps me right in my cheek. The force of the blow sends me into my own downward spiral. I manage to spin myself with Toothless and angle myself to land on her back. I clamp my teeth down hard on the cheat sheet as I land on Toothless' saddle. I hook my harness back on, jam my foot into the holster, and set the tail into gear.

Toothless and I are nearing the bottom of the mountain as I finally gain control of her. I let out a muffled scream as I pull Toothless back to slow our decent right into the trees and possibly to our death.

Toothless' wings outstretch as she fans out her wings to slow us down. I swear we are so close to the trees that I can feel the tops of them scratch at my back. Toothless lets out a screech as we speed towards an ominous cluster of rocks that are shrouded in fog. I pull the cheat sheet out of my mouth and lift it up to consult it, but the wind is beating us with such extreme force that I can't make out what the paper says while it's flapping in the wind. The rocks our getting closer and closer.

I take one last look at the chest sheet before I discard it over my shoulder. I press myself to Toothless' shoulder as we shoot into the foggy cluster of rocks. I quickly switch gears as we enter the fog to avoid a cluster of rocks. As we speed through I constantly change the tail gears so we don't run into rocks. We speed toward the rocks that have a slim gap between them. I click the tail into gear and we corkscrew through the gap. I throw my weight left and right to steer Toothless around the rocks that threatened to bring us down into the dark water.

I see a patch of blue sky in the thick fog and steer Toothless toward it. We emerge from the foggy patch of rocks and are greeted by the sun and the cloud-blotted blue sky. I'm panting from expurgation and the intense ride. I throw my hands up and let out a victorious scream. Toothless lets out a joyful shout and in her excitement shoots a ball of violet fire into the sky in front of us. I drop my hands and can only watch as we fly towards the cloud of fire.

"Oh come on." I complain as we fly right into the fire.

I lean against Toothless as we both eat the fish that Toothless had managed to catch. Toothless likes to eat them right out of the water, I prefer to them over a fire. My hair is blown stiff behind me, completely unbraided. Toothless regurgitates a fish head right next to me.

"Uh no thanks, I'm good." I mutter holding up my fish that I'm roasting over my temporary fire.

I spot a pack of Terrible Terrors flying towards us. I look over to Toothless who bares her teeth and lets out a menacing growl while putting a protective arm around her fish. The four Terrible Terrors scuttle toward us. A light blue one drags off the fish head and begins to eat it. The orange Terrible Terror walks up to the fish head and tries to take it. The light blue one lets out a high pitched growl and shoots a stream of fire at the orange one. I hear Toothless let out an exasperated snuff. I look over to the fish pile to see one of the fishâ€¢_moving_. Out of the pile comes the green Terrible Terror trying to pull away one of Toothless' fish. Toothless, noticing the moving fish also, swiftly grabs the head of the fish. The Terror growls as he tries to pull the fish's tail back from Toothless. It only takes one pull from Toothless to snatch it out of the Terror's mouth and swallow it. The Terror gets up from being thrown from the fish and scrapes its feet at the ground in frustration. The little Terror leans back to shoot a fireball at Toothless, but when he opens his mouth Toothless shoots a small fireball into it, causing the Terror to fall to the ground, smoke pouring out of his nostrils.

"Ha, not so fireproof on the inside are you?" I remark. I pick up one of the fish and throw it to the green Terror. "There you go little guy." I giggle as I watch him swallow up the fish. I settle back down by Toothless and continue to roast my fish. The Terrible Terror looks at me and then scuttles over to my side and curls up under my arm, purring contently. I rest my hand on top of the Terror.

"Everything we know about you guys, is wrong." I realize.

After taking Toothless back to the cove and washed the soot of my

face and unstiffened my hair I headed back to Forgery to contemplate. I lay my head on my workbench and roll my charcoal pencil up and down, up and down. _So know I'm not a Viking and now I have the knowledge that not all dragons want to kill. What else can possibly not go my way?_ I look to my left and see a figure standing in the door way. A big, bulky figure with a red beard. I quickly close my journal and give the papers (all the diagrams of Toothless' tail) a good scatter.

"Dad." I beam as I run over and give him a hug. "What brings you my humble abode?" I ask my dad. My dad struggles through my small doorway, but manages to tumble through it.

"Well, I'm here to talk to you." Dad states. I sit back down in my stool.

"What about?" I ask.

"You've been keeping secrets from me Hikka." Dad declares.

"Iâ€|I have?" I stammer, a little taken aback by his declaration.

"Just how long did you think you could hide it from me?" Dad asks, narrowing his eyes. I shuffle my drawings around again.

"Iâ€|I don't know what you're talking about." I deny with a smile, shuffling around my papers more.

"Nothing happens on this island that I don't know about." Dad declares.

"Oh?" I ask as I nonchalantly rest my elbow on my journal.

"So let's talk, about that dragon." Dad grunts. My elbow slips and causes my journal to fall to the ground. _Oh no. How did he find out?!_ I stressfully run a hand through my hair.

"Oh Gods. Dad I swear, I was going to tell you you I just didn't know how-" I'm cut off as Dad lets out a big bellowing laugh. I nervously laugh along with him. "Uh, y-you're notâ€|upset?" I ask nervously.

"Upset?! I was hoping for this!" Dad happily belts with a laugh.

"Uhâ€|y-you were?" I stammer, a bit confused.

"And believe me it gets much better! Just wait 'till you spill a Nadder's guts for the first time!" Dad thunders happily. _So this is still about killing dragons. Of course, why wouldn't it be? That's all they ever do or think about is kill, kill, kill._

"And when you mount a Gronckle head on a spear!" Dad continues. "What a feeling!" Dad exclaims as he hits me on the shoulder so hard a stumble backwards and fall into a basket. I open my mouth to tell him, about everything, the fact I don't want to be a Viking, Toothless, everything, but what he says next stops me.

"You really had me going there. All those years of the worst Viking

Berk has ever seen!" Dad exclaims. I close my mouth, this isn't the time to disappoint him again. I sit quietly in my stool and listen to my father. "Odin, it was rough. I almost gave up on you! And all the while, you were holding out on me! Thor almighty!" Dad exclaims with a pump of his fist. "With you doing so well in the ring, we finally I've something to talk about." Dad rejoices as he excitingly pulls up a stool across from me.

I look around the Forgery, avoiding my dad's eyes, looking left and right. I stare at my journal on the ground and the sketches on my workbench. I should tell him. Right now, hee should know the truth. I open my mouth more than once, considering the words, but nothing comes out. We just kind of sit there in awkward silence.

"Oh I almost forgot." Dad states, breaking the silence. He reaches behind him and pulls out a Viking helmet. A helmet that looks like it can fit on my head.

"To keep you safe in the ring." Dad states as he hands it to me.

"Wow. Thanks Dad." I marvel as I look at the way the horns curl.

"Your mother would've wanted you to have it." Dad confesses. Guilt grips my stomach, Would mom have understood my dislike for kiling dragons? Would she be disappointed like Dad?

"It's half of her breast-plate." Dad adds. To most people that might be a little gross, but it makes me want to hold onto the helmet even more.

"Matching set." Dad tells me while tapping his helmet. "Keeps her close, y'know?" Dad asks. I did know, the helmet was a part of her and it makes me feel like she's with me. I place my hand on top of it and look at my Dad.

"Wear it proudly. You deserve it. You've held up your end of the deal." Dad admits. More awkward silence. I can see it in his eyes, Dad desperately needs an escape. I give the most convincing stretch and let out the most convincing yawn.

"I should probably get to bed." I yawn.

"Of course." Dad says while getting up.

"Yeah." I state.

"Good talk." Dad declares

"See you back at the house." I add.

"We should do this again." Dad remarks.

"Thanks for stopping by." I state as convincingly happy as possible.

"Hope you like the hat." Dad remarks.

"Thanks for the hat." I thank Dad again.

"Well uhâ€|good night." Dad remarks as he squeezes back through the doorway. I let out a relieved sigh, like I can finally breath. I hear the shields and spears that lay outside the door clatter and fall to the ground. At least I know where I get my stealth genes from.

-

7. The Not So Little Secret

Cover art by avannak (Tumblr)

All rights reserved to Dreamworks and blah blah blah you know the drill

* * *

><p>Chapter 7

The Not So Little Secret

HIKKA'S P.O.V:

I'm awaken the next morning by Chickenlegs banging on my door like a madwoman. I leap out of bed and run to the door only to be pushed aside by a frantic Chickenlegs.

"Come in?" I remark sarcastically as reach for my vest.

"Let's go Hikka, I don't want to be late. Gobber is going to announce the two students to compete for the Monstrous Nightmare today." Chickenlegs states nervously.

All I do in response is nod, heft up my axe, and put on my helmet. "Then what are we waiting for?" I ask rhetorically. Then we head out the door.

Because Chickenlegs and I practically sprint to the arena we make it there just as Gobber is about to announce the two finalists.

"And so the two finalists are, Arenâ€|", there is a collective sigh from the group as Aren takes his place next to Gobber, "andâ€|Hikka." There are shouts of joy as I receive quite a few claps on the back. I can feel Aren glaring at me as I take my place at Gobber's other side. I take a deep breath as we turn around and Gobber leads us into the arena of cheering people.

I take cover behind one of the wooden cover boards that are scattered around the arena as my long-time foe, the Gronkle, flies by. Aren takes cover next to me. I lift my shield up to protect myself. Despite there being a dragon in the arena, it's not what I'm most afraid of. Aren pulls down my shield and glares daggers at my face. His face and clothes are dirty and his hair is more untidy than usual.

"Stay out of my way Haddock. I'm winning this thing." Aren declares as he makes his way to another cover spot.

"Good. Please, by all means." I reply as I stand up to take a look at the crowd. I spot my dad and offer a smile as I fix my lopsided

helmet, that's a bit too big for my head, with the hand that's holding my axe.

But while I'm surveying the crowd I neglect to notice the Gronckle that's lazily flying toward me. It takes me a minute before I hear the heavy grunts of the heavy Gronckle. When I turn and see the small amount of distance between the Gronckle and me it causes me to flinch back towards the wooden board, causing my helmet to fall off my head. The Gronckle thrusts its jaw into my chest. Thinking on my feet, I drop my shield and axe, close my eyes, and reach out to scratch the Gronckle on that special spot under its chin. When the Gronckle crumples down to the ground I pull my hands over my head (mostly as a reflex).

Suddenly I hear Aren let out a vicious scream that quickly dies out to a disappointed sigh. I dare to open my eyes and see Aren, just standing there with a very sharp battle axe still raised viciously in his hand. I relax my stance and motion over to the downed Gronckle with a shrug and a small smile.

That was the breaking point for Aren, you could literally hear that last straw of his snap right in half. He stomps his foot angrily.

"No!" Aren shouts ferociously. He then starts viciously swinging his axe around while shouting very profound words at me.

"SON OF A HALFTROLL RAT EATING MUNGE BUCKETT!" Aren tantrums on as he swings his axe dangerously close to me.

Aren only stops shouting when we hear the elder's staff hit the steel cage that surrounds the top of the arena.

"Wait! Wait!" Dad thunders over the crowd. Of course I'm not listening and already making my way out of the arena.

"Soâ€|later." I mutter as I walk towards the exit.

I suddenly feel a tug at my collar.

"Not so fast." Gobber remarks as he hooks the back of my vest and drags me back over to him.

"Well I'm sort of late for-" I'm cut off by a sharpened axe thrust right at my throat.

"What?! Late for what, exactly?!" Aren manically shouts at me.

"Ok settle down. The elder has decided." Dad booms across the crowd. The crowd goes completely silent as they wait for the decision on who will kill the Monstrous Nightmare.

Gobber lifts his left hand (it's a hook today) over Aren's head. The elder shakes her head no. I don't even want to risk a glance at Aren, so I keep staring straight ahead. Gobber lifts his right hand over my head. In return, the elder nods her head yes.

"You've done it Hikka! You get to kill the dragon!" Gobber congratulates me with a slap on the shoulder.

I risk a glance over at Aren who turns to give me an extremely menacing, and possibly homicidal, look.

I receive dozens of claps on the back from people who had rushed down to greet me in the arena, but I don't feel a thing. I'm numb all over, my stomach had dropped all the way to my feet. _Oh my gods. Oh no. Oh nonononono I can't do this I can't kill a dragon. _

Suddenly I'm lifted up into the air by the twins and SlÃ-mloust for a victory lap around the arena.

"Ha! Ha! That's my girl!" Dad bellows from the top of the arena as he watches the scene unfold.

I decide to play along and let out a few small, nervous laughs as I'm lifted around the arena. I make eye contact with Chickenlegs and she sees it right away, the fear in my face. She knows it's not just because I have to face a Monstrous Nightmare but because I have to kill it. She knows what I'm about to do.

"Heh, heh. Oh yeah! Yes! I can't wait I'm soâ€| "

"â€|leaving. We're leaving. Let's pack up. Looks like you and me are taking a little vacation, forever." I remark to Toothless as I drop her basket of fish by a rock, and crouch down to unlatch the lid. I had managed to escape the crowd and head back home to switch into my harness and get a basket of fish and my journal. I said good-bye to Chickenlegs as I was packing.

I let out a sigh as I stand up and adjust the straps on my harness, not paying attention to what's right in front of me. That is until I hear the sound of stone sliding across metal. I look up from my harness to see Aren, sitting on the rock in front of me, sharpening his already very sharp axe. I let out a shout of surprise and leap back from the axe.

"What the-uh, uh what are you doing here?" I stammer nervously. Aren stops sharpening his axe, drops the stone, and looks at me with a smirk.

"I want to know what's going on." Aren declares. He jumps off the rock and lands in front of me. He spins his axe in his hand and walks toward me. Every step he takes forward I take one back. We continue like this as he rambles on.

"No one just gets as good as you. Especially you." Aren continues. He thrusts the axe towards me.

"Start talking! Are you training with someone?" Aren asks with a maniac look in his eyes.

"Uhâ€|training?" I stammer, not really knowing how to answer the question.

"It better not involve this!" Aren growls while grabbing the shoulders of my harness.

"I know _this _looks really bad, but you seeâ€|this is, uhâ€|" I'm cut off when we hear the noise of some branches snapping. Aren throws me down to the ground like a bag of yams and looks in the direction

of the sound. For good measure he steps on my stomach as he advances towards the sound.

I scramble frantically off the ground and throw myself in front of Aren to slow him down. "Y-you're right. You're right!" I frantically stammer as I walk in front of him to block his gaze.

"I'm through with lies. I've been makingâ€œ|outfits." I lie as I continue to try and block his vision, but Aren just rolls his eyes at me and keeps on walking.

"Yep, it's time everyone knew." I ramble on.

I grab Aren's wrist and try to drag him away. However, the little to none muscle density of a small girl is nothing compared to the one of a guy who hauls a fairly heavy axe around. I keep my grip on his wrist as I try to convince him of my lie.

"Come on just drag me back, go ahead, here we goâ€œ|" my rambling is brought to an undesirable end as Aren, quick as lightning, snaps my hand back and bends my arm down to my back. I crumple down on the ground in surrender.

"Owwwww! Why would you do that?!" I shout as I begin to get up. As I get up Aren kicks me back down.

"That's for taking the Nightmare." Aren states. He then lifts up the butt of the axe handle and drops it down onto my stomach. Right after the axe punches through to my kidney it bounces back up into his hand.

"And that's for everything else." Aren declares. After causing me to severely bleed internally Aren turns back around, intent on finding the source of the noise.

I make it back on my feet, clutching my bruised kidney, for only a few seconds before I spot a shadow moving across the cove. But I know it's not a shadow and Aren recognizes it too.

"Get down!" Aren gasps as he tackles me down to the ground for cover _right in the kidney_.

I hear Toothless' ear-splitting screech ring across the cove, and it, along with her thundering footsteps, get louder as she bounds toward us.

Aren spins toward the shriek, crouches into an attack position, and raises his axe to the oncoming Nightfury. I make it up to my feet just as Toothless reaches the rock where Aren was sitting on moments ago. Quickly, I tackle Aren by grabbing the axe and flinging us both to the ground. When we hit the ground I slide the axe as far away as possible. Then I put myself between Aren and Toothless and turn to Toothless and put my hands up to calm her down.

"No! Hey, hey Girl it's okay!" I shout over Toothless' shrieks as I try to calm her down. I notice Aren starting to get up and put my hand out.

"It's okay!" I now shout to both of them.

"He's a friend." I declare to Toothless while putting my hands out to calm her down. Finally,

Toothless lowers herself from her threatening stance and lets out a dissatisfied growl. I turn my back to Toothless, but keep my arms around her head to stop any advances. Toothless moves toward Aren which causes me to move closer toward him.

"You just scared her." I explain to Aren while keep my hands on an "eager" Toothless.

"_I _scared _her_?!" Aren asks in disbelief. He then tenses up when he realizes what he just said.

"_Who _is _her_?" Aren asks just above a disbelief whisper.

"Aren, meet Toothless." I explain as I motion over to Toothless.

"Toothless, this is Aren." I introduce to Toothless who responds with a menacing hiss while flashing her sharp teeth.

Aren just stands there for a second and looks at me in utter disbelief. He then shakes his head, with a bit of that good old-fashioned glaring, and runs off to tell the whole village my not so little secret.

I throw my hands up in mock celebration. "Da, da, da! We're dead!" I mockingly sing. I hear Toothless let out a satisfied sigh and turn around to see him walking away.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, where do you think you're going?" I rhetorically ask Toothless. She turns to me and snorts.

"Come on we've got to do something." I reason with Toothless. Toothless rolls her eyes at me and then motions with her head to the saddle on her back.

Toothless leaps up into the air and we begin to glide above the forest to look for Aren.

"He couldn't have gotten far." I comment to myself. After a few seconds I spot a patch of blonde zigzagging in between the trees.

"There!" I shout to Toothless as I point to the blonde patch of Aren's head. Toothless swoops down and lifts Aren up into the air as he leaps over a stump (which is pretty frickin impressive).

"Oh great Odin's ghost! Oh this is it!" I hear Aren shout as Toothless and I take him to the tallest pine tree we can find. Toothless carelessly flings Aren onto one of the top branches and then sits on the top of the tree, causing it to bend over the lake in the cove. The wind blows and causes the thin top of the tree to sway.

"Hikka! Get me down from here!" Aren demands as he hangs of the swaying branch with his hands.

"You have to give me a chance to explain!" I beg while holding my

hands out in plead.

"I'm not listening to ANYTHING you have to say!" Aren shouts up to me.

"Then I won't speak, just let me show you." I plead. I hold out my left hand to Aren. "Please Aren." I beg Aren.

Aren rolls his eyes and lets out a frustrated sigh. He then hauls himself up on the branch and reaches out for Toothless. Toothless lets out a growl and flashes her teeth, but Aren just grabs onto the saddle and lifts himself up behind me.

"Now get me down." Aren demands as he looks at how high we are.

"As you wish your majesty. Toothless, down, gently." I order while giving Toothless a pat on the side. As Toothless slowly lowers herself and spreads her wings to prepare for take off I turn to Aren.

"See, there's nothing to be afraid of." I state. That is until Toothless shoots off the tree and zooms up into the sky. Toothless is at a near vertical angle, while I'm crouched down on her back Aren is behind me, screaming his head off, and about to fall off.

"Toothless! What is wrong with you?! Bad dragon!" I shout at Toothless. She stops climbing and begins to glide in the sky. Aren wraps his arms around my neck so tightly that I can barely breath.

"Ha ha! she's not usually like this." I remark to Aren, trying to calm him down. Toothless collapses her wings and rolls over on her back.

"Oh no." I state just before we plummet down to the ocean. Aren lets out another scream as we fall to the ocean. Toothless turns around just as we're about to hit the water. Toothless leaps around in the water, carelessly splashing around.

"Toothless what are you doing we need him to like us." I complain to Toothless, who wasn't even listening. Toothless shoots back up into the air, flying high above the mountains. She then continues to spin herself tightly around and around.

"And now the spinning." I sarcastically remark to Aren. Though I don't think he can hear me over his screaming.

"Thank you for nothing, you useless reptile." I complain to Toothless just before she plummets back down and flips herself over and over.

"Ok! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Just get me off of this thing!" Aren shouts over the whirling wind. Toothless hears Aren's apology and lifts out her wings to send us flying up into the clouds.

Toothless glides through the clouds that are tinted pink by the setting sun. Aren stops screaming like a madman, I look back at him to see his eyes are finally open. Aren removes his leg from where it had lodged itself into my other kidney. I watch Aren's mouth open in

awe as he looks around the forest of beautiful pink and orange clouds. Now back in control of Toothless I steer us up towards the top layer of clouds. I look back and watch as Aren reaches up for the clouds, running his hand through the clouds. We swirl through the clouds and reach another forest of clouds, the sky peaking out at some places. Toothless loops us up into the top layer of clouds. It's amazing, you completely lose track of time, it's just endless fields of pink clouds, going on forever.

"So, Toothless huh?" Aren asks as he pats Toothless on the side.

"Yeah, she does this thing with her teeth where they disappear when she's happy, but when she's threatened or eats they reappear." I explain to Aren.

"Wow. That's amazing, I guess you really did hit that Nightfury after all." Aren admits to me.

"Yeah, and when Toothless got downed she lost her left tail fin. After I found her just tied up helplessly in the woods, I couldn't just leave her there. So I cut her free, and after she screamed in my face, flew off to the cove. But once she got in the cove, she couldn't fly out because of her missing tail fin. So I decided to help her fly again. After befriending Toothless I started to make a replacement tail fin for her, and tested it out again and again until I finally got it right." I explain to Aren, not really sure if I had lost him yet.

"That's a lot to take in." Aren remarks.

"Sorry." I apologize. I watch the sky as it changes from the pink of the sunset to the dark blue of night.

"I want to show you something." I state. I steer Toothless out of the field of clouds, and into the open night sky. The beautiful thousands of colors of the Northern lights light up the sky. Aren rests arms around my shoulders as he takes in the beauty of the night sky. We fly over the clouds below us that were blocking the view.

The "view" I'm speaking of is Berk. Not the Berk that I've come to hate, but a different Berk, a new Berk. The fires shine so bright that we can see them from where we were flying. The fires light up every single house magnificently. Toothless looks back at Aren and smiles as he gasps in awe. Aren hugs me closer to him and lays his head next to mine as we watch Berk from above.

Toothless smoothly dives down closer to Berk. The fires are bigger and brighter now that we're closer. You can really see the fires light up the village. As we get closer to the water Toothless swoops back up into the clouds. Aren straightens up as he looks around the clouds.

"Ok, I'll admit it this is pretty amazing." Aren admits as he watches the clouds fly by.

"She's amazing." Aren adds as he pats Toothless' side. We begin to fly into wispier clouds. We fly in silence for awhile, the only sounds is Toothless' wings flapping. Aren is the first to break the silence.

"So, what now?" Aren asks me. I let out a frustrated sigh as I see where this conversation is going.

"Hikka, your final exam is tomorrow. You know you're going to have to kill a—" Aren cuts himself off when he realizes that he is in fact, sitting on a dragon. Aren leans in closer and continues in a whisper.

"Kill a dragon." Aren whispers.

"Don't remind me." I remark with a sigh.

Suddenly Toothless swoops down into the denser clouds and sways unstable, with practically no sense of direction (though I can't blame her, the clouds are so thick that I can barely see). But I notice her ears are pricked. Maybe she's listening for something.

"Toothless what's happening?" I stammer, taken aback by the sudden dive, while placing my hand on her head. Toothless ignores me and continues to blindly fall through the fog of the clouds.

"Come on Girl, what is it?" I prod at Toothless, trying to get something out of her. Toothless looks down to her right and lets out a shout. I follow her gaze and notice a Monstrous Nightmare rising out of the fog, a sheep clutched in its claws.

"Get down." I order Aren with a gasp. We both crouch down on Toothless' back. Toothless sways away from the Nightmare only to nearly run into a Deadly Nadder, holding a large fish in its claws. The Nadder shouts at Toothless before she almost runs into it and Toothless sways back between the Nightmare and Nadder. Although it's not just the five of us, there are hundreds of them, thousands maybe.

Before I know it more silhouettes of dragons appear through the clouds.

"What's going on?" Aren asks me. I place my hand on Toothless' head to try and get through to her.

"Toothless, you've got to get us out of here Girl." I try to reason in a whisper. Toothless just shakes my hand off her head. Well then, I see how it is. Aren and I turn our heads to the left and look at the darkened silhouette of a Monstrous Nightmare holding a calf in its claws. I'm trying to piece it all together in my head.

"It looks likeâ€¢they're hauling in their kill." I observe in a whisper. I look back at Aren and see him trying to piece it together like me. Realization hits his face.

"Thenâ€¢what does that make us?" Aren asks me. What?! Toothless would never eat me. Would she? No. Before I can deny Aren's theory a Zippleback comes up on our left. The left head notices us right away. It bumps the right head and motions toward us. The two heads glare at us and let out a low hiss. Aren and I press closer together to hide ourselves from the Zippleback.

Suddenly Toothless, along with all the other dragons, makes a sharp

dive towards the water. Toothless weaves through jagged rocks that appear out of nowhere, but she doesn't even seem fazed. It's as if she completely knows where she's going and how to get there with her eyes closed (and half a tail). I squint through the fog to try and get a look at our destination. The clouds become less dense and just as the last jagged rock moves out of sight I see it. A volcano.

The volcano looks as if it was struck by lightning and nearly cut in two, each end sharpened to a dangerous point. Endless rivers of lava shines in the night like newly mined rubies. Dragons flock from near and far and together we all enter the volcano through a jagged hole in the side. Aren and I shout as we are thrown down into the hole, and then we are covered in complete darkness while being thrown about through sharp turns through the uneven tunnel.

After a minute or so of Toothless weaving us through the tunnel I see a red light coming up at the end. We are flown into a room that is only lit by a red light that I can only assume is magma. The sides of the walls seem to have holes drilled into them. Each hole harbors a group of dragons, usually of the same species. Aren and I look at each other in silent astonishment, we both know what we've just found. The Dragons' Nest.

"What my dad wouldn't give to find this." I claim. As Toothless glides around the pit Aren and I watch the dragons as they drop their kills into the endless pit of red below. Toothless glides to a hole that is close to the exit/entrance and crouches down into the shadows. Aren and I flatten ourselves on her back and continue to watch as the dragons drop their kills into the pit.

"It's satisfying to know that all our food is being dumped down a whole." I sarcastically remark.

"They're not eating any of it." Aren observes.

Just then, the last dragon flies in to dump its food. A young, fat Gronckle buzzes above the center of the hole. It opens its mouth and a meager fish slides off it and falls into the pit. The Gronckle then, completely content with its kill, gives itself a good scratch behind the ear before lazily buzzing towards the rest of the dragons.

I let out a horrified gasp as suddenly, a big pair of jaws and two sets of deadly teeth come leaping out of the pit and snap the Gronckle in its mouth. The other dragons shrink back into the safety of their holes. The creature the teeth were attached to is a gigantic dragon. The dragon is so big that it could be the baby of the volcano. I only catch a glimpse before its head sinks back down into the red.

"Whatâ€|is that." Aren gasps.

Then the gigantic head rises up out of the red and looks at me. I can hear it smelling the air frantically, getting ready to attack. I pat Toothless on the head to get her attention.

"Alright buddy you've got to get us out of here." I order Toothless. I feel Toothless tense up to prepare for flight on my signal. I hear the breaths of the Monster getting faster and more hungry.

"Now!" I command. Toothless bolts out of the hole and leaps for the tunnel that leads up into the sky. I swear the Monster grazed the back of my head with her teeth when we leaped out of the hole. The rest of the dragons frenzy after us and swarm up through the tunnel back to the calm night sky.

"No, no it totally makes. It's like a beehive. They're the workers and that thing, that monster, is their queen. It controls them." Aren theorizes one as Toothless lands into the cove. As soon as we hit the ground Aren jumps off Toothless and runs for the rocks.

"Let's go find your dad." Aren suggests as he runs.

"No!" I exclaim as I run after him. When I catch up to him I grab his shoulder and turn him to face me. "No, not yet. T-they'll _kill _Toothless." I stammer. I get a grip of myself and continue.

"Aren we have to think this through, carefully." I reason with him. I turn away with a million ideas running through my mind.

"Hikka, we just discovered the Dragons' nest...the thing we've been after since Vikings first sailed here. And you want to keep it a secret?! To protect your pet Dragon?! Are you serious?!" Aren fumes. I turn to face Aren who had his hands thrown up in the air and a look of exasperation knit on his face.

"Yes." I reply with a completely straight face. I see the exasperation and frustration Aren's face change to jaw-dropping awe in less than a second.

"Okay, what do we do?" Aren asks me. For the first time in his life Aren sounds, tired and helpless.

"Give me until tomorrow. I'll figure something out." I mutter. I only half-say the words, I don't really know if I can figure it out, but I say it to humor us. I begin to fiddle with my harness strap when out of nowhere Aren jabs me in the arm.

"Ow." I complain.

"That's for kidnapping me." Aren declares. I look over at Toothless and motion over to Aren with a questioning look on my face, but Toothless just waves it off. I turn back to Aren while clutching my injured arm. Aren grabs the collar of my shirt, I expect another hit to the kidney, but instead he does something else.

He pulls me closer to him, quite gently surprisingly, and gives me a kiss on the cheek. I feel heat spread across my cheeks and my nose.

"That's for, everything else." Aren admits. He then gives me a wink with his sky blue eyes, that I've heard makes every girl melt, and runs off. The smile on my face is uncontainable. Toothless comes up beside me and looks at me with big, green questioning eyes.

"What are you looking?" I challenge her before she gives me a playful nudge.

Cover art by avannak (Tumblr)

All rights reserved to Dreamworks and blah blah blah you know the drill

* * *

><p>Chapter 8

Because I Wouldn't

HIKKA'S P.O.V:

I stand in the dark tunnel that leads to the arena and listen to the hundreds of voices chanting my name echoing off the walls as I cradle my helmet in my hands. I hear my dad's voice interrupt the chanting, thought the noise barely dies down.

"Well, I can finally show my face in public again." Dad bellows over the noise in the arena. There is a collective wave of laughs that sweeps the crowd.

"If someone had told me that in just few short weeks, Hikka would go from being, well... Hikka, to placing first in Dragon training... I would've tied him to a mast and shipped him off for fear he'd gone mad." Dad booms. Another wave of laughter sweeps the crowd. Should I just stop trying to have self-confidence. _

"Yes! And you know it! But here we are. And no one's more surprised!" Dad takes a dramatic pause and waits for the noise to die down. Bring it home, the last big humiliating joke._

"Or more proud than I am. Today my daughter becomes a Viking! Today she becomes one of us!" Dad thunders and pumps his fist in the air while everybody let's out ear-bleeding screams and chants. And the crazy thing is, they're chanting my name. My name, unbelievable.

I hear footsteps in the tunnel and turn to see Aren walking toward me. I let out a sigh of relief, I'm not ready to go, I'll probably never be ready. I turn back towards the crowd and lean on the wall for some kind of support.

"Be careful with that dragon." Aren advices from behind me. My heart creeps in my throat as I watch my dad sit in his chair. Any minute now._

"It's not the dragon I'm worried about." I reply.

"What are you going to do?" Aren asks anxiously. I turn to look at Aren.

"I'm going to put an end to this." I respond. Aren rolls his eyes at my melodramatics.

"Aren, if something goes wrong just, make sure they don't find Toothless." I plead. Before we came down to the arena I filled Chickenlegs in on what happened last night and told her that if anything goes wrong it might be up to her and Aren to protect Toothless if he agrees.

"Of course I will." Aren promises. He then holds my hand in his and I'm forced to look into those stupidly beautiful blue eyes of his. "Just, promise me it won't go wrong." Aren asserts. Before I can deny it or respond in a sarcastic manner Gobber comes around the corner.

"It's time, knock 'em dead Hikka." Gobber encourages as he motions towards the arena.

I put my helmet on my head and walk towards the middle of the arena. I hear Gobber slam the gate shut, no going back. I look at the crowd for some kind of reassurance and spot Chickenlegs who gives me a small smile and a thumbs up. I walk out of the shadow of the crowd and into the middle of the sunlit arena where the weapons board is waiting for my decision. I heave up a shield with my left hand and, because everyone's expecting me to pick something sharp, grab a dagger with the other hand. I take a deep breath. It takes everything in my willpower to stop my legs from trembling and collapsing in on one another.

"I ready." I challenge as I attempt to sound as confident as possible. The only sound in the arena now is the large gears turning round and round, lifting up the two logs that keep the door closed. There's a moment of pure silence when the two logs are lifted completely away from the door. Then all Hell breaks loose.

The Monstrous Nightmare bursts out of its cage completely covered in fire. It lets out a threatening screech as it flings itself for the arena's walls. I watch as the flaming reptile scuttles around the wall and the metal net surrounding the ring looking for a way out. In a fit of rage the Nightmare shoots a blast of fire into the crowd. As its flames begin to extinguish the dragon starts to crawl frantically around on the metal net. The Nightmare is turned upside down as it crawls on the net and it spots me. The Monstrous Nightmare peels itself off the net and lands in front of me without breaking eye contact. It wont let me take a break from its piercing yellow stare.
Now or never.

The Nightmare slowly crawls toward me. Every step it takes toward me I calmly take a step back. As I walk backwards and stretch out my arms in a non-threatening gesture. I hear murmurs of shock and confusion as I let my dagger and shield clatter to the stone ground. I hold my hands out in front of me to keep the dragon calm. The Nightmare lets out a low suspicious growl.

"It's okay. It's okay." I move my hands down trying to keep the dragon calm. I slowly lift my hands up to my helmet and lift off my head. I hold my helmet out in front of me and stare back into the dragon's yellow eyes.

"I'm not one of them." I announce. There are gasps and shouts of shock and confusion. The Nightmare, for the first time, takes its eyes off of me and looks at the helmet before looking back at me.

"Stop the fight." Dad demands, his voice thundering throughout the arena.

"No. I need you all to see this." I declare, being sure not to take

my eyes of the dragon. I extend my left hand out to the Nightmare's ruby red snout.

"They're not what we think they are." I claim, for once my voice is confident and unwavering.

"We don't have to kill them." I announce, keeping my voice calm. I hear more gasps from the crowd as my hand moves inch by inch towards the dragon's snout. The Nightmare's eyelids are half way down and the yellow fire has died from its eyes. I'm so close.

"I said stop the fight!" Dad roars over me and the crowd. He slams his hammer on the metal cage that surrounds the ring. The loud clang rings throughout the arena.

The Monstrous Nightmare's pupils, which had expanded in a calming manor, turn to black slits in an instant.

_ Uh-oh._

The huge, and angry, dragon snaps its jaws at my outstretched hand. I pull it back instantaneously and make a run for it. The Nightmare pursues me as I try and run for the exit and blocks me. I run to the side just as the dragon shoots a blazing column of fire at me and then continue to run around the arena like a mouse being chased by a cat.

"Hikka!" I hear Aren shout from the gate. I look over to see him wedge and axe under the gate and lift it up so he can slide under it. That glance nearly got me killed.

The Nightmare roars and shoots another fire blast at me. Luckily I run to the side to avoid being burnt to a crisp and sprint to the weapons board and lift up a shield to protect myself. But not but a second later the Nightmare crashes through the weapons board, knocking the shield out of my hands.

I make a dead sprint for the other side of the arena, hoping to gain a little distance between the dragon and me.

"Hikka!" I hear Aren shout again. I can't risk a glance this time and guess that he made it into the arena and is hopefully here to rescue me.

The Nightmare is gaining on me when all of the sudden a hammer comes out of nowhere and slams it right in the head, knocking the dragon to the ground. I look over to see Aren smiling and looking pleasantly pleased with himself.

However it's only momentarily because in the next few seconds the dragon is up and boy does he look mad. The Nightmare lets out a shriek of rage and chases after Aren, who in total shock and surprise clumsily dashes away from the severely angry dragon.

I hear the gate lift up and prey it's someone who can help us.

"Quick! This way!" Dad roars as he motions to the exit.

_ Well I guess that's better than nothing._

The Nightmare shoots another fire blast at us which puts a little pep in our step and causes Aren and I to make a straight beeline for the exit. Aren is only a few feet ahead of me and makes it to the gate first. Oh what wonders only a mere few feet can do.

Suddenly a ball of fire whizzes past my head and hits the side of the gate. I'm forced to double back and that costs me some time, distance, and speed. I sprint as fast as I can but it's not enough as the Monstrous Nightmare knocks me on the ground, knocking my hair loose from its braids and traps me beneath its long and deadly claws. The dragon pulls back its head to give the killing blow, which I have experienced far too many times now.

But then something happens. Something very terribly good happens.

A distinct high-pitched sound fills the air.

"NIGHT FURY!" I hear Gobber shout.

Everything happens all too fast but, like in most crisis situations also happens in slow motion.

Toothless flies through the air and lets out a deafening screech as she blasts through the iron cage that surrounds the arena. Smoke covers the entire arena I can't see anything, not even the Nightmare's face which was inches away from mine. Time changes back to normal speed.

The weight of the Nightmare's claws is lifted off of me and though I can't see through the smoke I hear the two dragons' shouts and hisses as they thrash around. When the smoke clears I brush my hair out of my eyes to see Toothless standing off with the Monstrous Nightmare.

Any advances the Nightmare uses Toothless instantly counters, she's protecting me. Toothless counters attack after attack until finally she advances toward the Nightmare and lets out a loud defiant roar and the Nightmare scuttles off into the shadows.

Finally coming out of shock I quickly push myself off the ground and hurry over to Toothless. I push on Toothless' head to try and get her to go.

"Ok Toothless I'm safe now go, get out of here!" I shout at her as I push her head away from me trying to get her to leave. Panic bubbles up in me as Vikings begin to jump into the arena, heading straight for Toothless.

"GO! GO!" I scream at Toothless now senselessly beating her with my hands. I look around and see my dad running towards us, axe in hand. I'm still struggling with Toothless but I try to shout to him across the field of Vikings.

"Dad! No! She wont' hurt you!" I scream at him. But he isn't listening to me (shocker).

"No please stop you're only making it worse!" I shout to the growing group of Vikings as they surround Toothless.

Toothless pulls himself free from my grip and knocks Vikings aside as she charges towards my father. They meet in the middle of their charge and Toothless leaps on top of him.

"Toothless! STOP!" I scream at her, but she wont listen.

Dad and Toothless tumble when Toothless makes impact and Toothless ends up on top. Despite my dad's strength he is no match for the Nightfury, he's writhes around under Toothless trying to get the upper hand. Then Toothless pulls back her head and makes that sound. That sound that can only mean certain death unless you are that weak, scared 15 year old girl that saved her back in the woods. Time slows down.

"No! NO!" I scream at Toothless at the top of my lungs until my throat feels raw.

Finally Toothless turns her head at me and looks at me with those big green eyes and lets out a low shameful purr, like a child being scorned by its mother.

Somebody yells, "Get her!" in the distance and time is thrown back into normal speed as Toothless gets a kick to the face. The Vikings then slam Toothless' head on the ground and put pressure on her muzzle so she can't open her mouth.

"No!" I shout as I outstretch my hand for Toothless and run forward, but someone holds me back. I glance to see Aren who has one arm wrapped around my waist and the other is holding my other arm back.

"Please, just don't hurt her." I let out a strained shout.

Despite their efforts to keep her mouth shut Toothless manages a wail of agony as more Vikings restrain her legs. I begin to cry, seeing her in pain like that, it's not fair!

"Please don't hurt her." I plead in a whimper as the fight drains out of me.

That is until a Viking offers Dad an axe at which point I completely lose it. I'm screaming and pulling on Aren's "restraints" harder than ever with tears streaming down my face.

"Please." I beg. "Please don't." I cry.

Dad pushes the axe aside defiantly.

"Put her with the others." Dad orders, his face as cold as stone. He then seizes my outstretched arm and half drag half pulls me out of the arena. I'm kicking and screaming, pulling at my shirt, begging to see Toothless, but he just keeps pulling me through the village.

* * *

><p>We reach the Mead Hall and Dad throws open the doors and tosses me in like I'm a sack of potatoes. I stumble when he throws me in but I don't completely fall to the ground. I begin wiping the tears from my face. My dad walks past me blind with fury.</p>

"I should've known. I should've seen the signs." Dad fumes.

"Dad." I say in an attempt to calm him down.

"I thought we had a deal!" Dad yells at me without turning to face me.

"I know we didâ€¦but that was beforeâ€¦oh Gods this a is all so messed up." I reply nervously running hands through my loose hair.

My dad turns to me.

"So everything in the ring?" my dad asks me.

"A trick?!" he accuses.

"A lie?!" he hisses, his voice laced with venom as if the very idea of a lie itself was poisonous. Dad turns back away from me and continues to walk towards the back of the Mead Hall.

"I screwed up. I should have told you before now. Take this out on me, be mad at me, but please... just don't hurt Toothless." I beg my father.

My dad turns to me with an utter look of furious anger on his face.

"The dragon? That's what you're worried about? Not the people you almost got killed?! Dad shouts at me.

"She was just protecting me! She's not dangerous!" I argue.

"They've killed HUNDREDS OF US!" Dad roars.

"AND WE'VE KILLED THOUSANDS OF THEM!" I scream back.

"They defend themselves, that's all! They raid us because they have to! If they don't bring enough food back, they'll be eaten themselves. There's something else on their island Dad... it's a Dragon like-"

"Their island?" Dad interrupts.

"So you've been to the nest?" Dad asks in a low whisper of rage and interest.

"Did I say nest?" I lamely try to cover it up.

"How did you get there?" Dad demands.

"Noâ€¦I-I didn't, Toothless did. Only a dragon can find the island." I nervously explain to my dad.

My dad takes a step back as a look of realization spreads across his face. I don't have to read his mind to know what he's thinking, and it's not a good idea at all.

"Oh no. No, Dad. No." I stammer in disbelief.

"Dad. It's not what you think. You don't know what you're up against. It's like nothing you've ever seen." I try to convince him his idea is wrong but I can already see the gears turning in his head, he's too far gone.

My dad pushes me aside like I'm nothing and starts to walk to the door.

"Dad. Please. I promise you that you can't win this one." I beg, trying to reason with him but he continues to walk. I walk after him.

"Dad no." I beg but he doesn't break stride.

As my final attempt a run at him and grab at his arm.

"FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE WOULD YOU PLEASE JUST LISTEN TO ME!" I scream at the top of my lungs. My dad then throws me hard on the ground, knocking the wind out of me. I lay back on the ground in total shock as I fight to get some breath back. My dad turns to face me.

"You've thrown your lot in with them. You're not a Viking. You're not my daughter." my dad declares with his stone cold face. I feel a tear trickle down my check. He then turns and slams the door behind him (but the door rebounded off the other door and opened back up).

"Ready the ships!" I hear my dad roar orders to other Vikings.

I watch from the bridge out on the cliff as practically every Viking helps put the finishing touches on the ship. Some are attaching headboards, some raising sails, another stashing weapons it's complete mayhem.

I watch as a crane begins to lift my best friend (don't tell Chickenlegs I said that), who is in the equivalent to a dragon stockade, and puts her on the lead ship with my dad and his crew. I jump out of my thoughts when I hear my dad's voice thunder throughout the port.

"Set sail! We head for Helheim's Gate." Dad roars to the ships. A small tear trickles down my check as they start to sail off. I could've sworn I saw my dad look up at me as they begin to sail away from us. I stand in the same place, watching until the ships disappear over the horizon.

* * *

><p>I hear two sets of footsteps walk up the bridge and stop next to me.</p>

"It's a mess." the person on the farther right of me remark, I recognize the voice as Chickenlegs.

"You must feel horrible. You've lost everything. Your father, your tribe, your best friend." states the person who's standing right next to me, Aren.

"Hey!" Chickenlegs interjects.

"Sorry, you're brother." Aрен clarifies. I let out a small sigh.

"Thank you for summing that up." I sarcastically reply. I let out another sigh and run a frustrated hand through my hair.

"Why couldn't I have killed that dragon when I found her in the woods. It would have been better for everyone." I half-heartedly mutter.

"Yep. The rest of us would've done it. So why didn't you?" Aрен asks as he turns to me. I just sigh and shake my head.

"Why didn't you?" Chickenlegs presses. I look down at my feet and then turn away from the two of them.

"I don't know. I couldn't." I frustratingly state.

"That's not an answer." Chickenlegs points out. I let out a growl of frustration.

"Why is this so important to you two all of the sudden?!" I shout.

"Because we want to remember what you say right now." Aрен states.

"Oh for love of Thor." I shout as I roll my eyes and turn to them.

"I was a coward! I was weak! I wouldn't kill a dragon!" I shout at Aрен and Chickenlegs.

"You said wouldn't that time." Chickenlegs points out.

"Whatever! I wouldn't! Three hundred years, and I'm the first Viking who wouldn't kill a dragon!" I shout at the two of them. I turn back away from them in frustration and direct my sight to the horizon again.

"First to ride one though." Aрен comments. My eyebrows shoot up in interest at a new idea. I don't have to be the only Viking who knows how to ride a dragon. The thoughts are whirling through my head, the gears in my head turning and meshing together.

"Soâ€|" Chickenlegs prompts. I turn back to my friends.

"I wouldn't kill her because she looked as frightened as I was. I looked at her and I saw myself." I finally answer. I think I saw Chickenlegs roll her eyes at my overdramatics.

"I bet she's really frightened now. What are you going to do about it?" Chickenlegs challenges.

"Probably something pretty stupid." I nonchalantly reply.

"Ok, but you've already done that." Aрен reminds me. Then I get it, the final piece of the puzzle. I point my finger at them as I begin to walk backwards up the bridge.

"And something crazy." I add before running up the bridge.

"That's more like it Haddock!" Aren shouts as he runs behind me.

"The genius is back!" Chickenlegs whoops as we run up the bridge to the village.

The gears are finally working together.

9. How to Save The Day

Cover art by avannak (Tumblr)

All rights reserved to Dreamworks and blah blah blah you know the drill

* * *

><p>Chapter 9

How to Save the Day

HIKKA'S P.O.V

As the arena comes into view I stop and turn to Aren and Chickenlegs.

"Go gather up the others and meet me at the arena." I order them.

"Will do." Aren obeys as he runs off toward the village. Chickenlegs gives me a sarcastic salute before she follows in suit with Aren.

I continue on my own to the arena and walk around it, surveying each cage thinking over my plan. My crazy plan.

_Great Thor almighty is this really going to work? So many things can go wrong. What if someone dies? What if what if what if. _

I get so lost in my thoughts while I pace the arena that I don't notice the people behind me.

"If you're planning on getting eaten I would definitely go with the Gronckle." Chickenlegs jokingly advises, or at least I hope she's joking.

I turn around to see Chickenlegs and Aren along with Ruffnut, Tuffnut, and SlÃ¬mloust. I'm honestly a little shocked, I didn't think they could convince them to come.

Ruffnut walks up to me and gets right up in my face.

"You were wise to seek help from the world's deadliest weapon, me." Ruffnut oh so humbly claims.

"Uhâ€|" I'm kind of at a loss for words. SlÃ¬mloust pushes Ruffnut out of the way.

"I _love_ this plan." SlÃ¬mloust remarks excitedly as she gives my shoulders a good shake. Before I can even make a sound Tuffnut pushes SlÃ¬mloust out of the way.

"You're crazy." Tuffnut declares.

_Well at least that hasn't changed. _

Next thing I know his face is inches from mine.

"I like that." Tuffnut whispers.

Oop spoke too soon.

I'm kind of at a loss for words.

"Erâ€|" I manage to mutter. Thankfully Aren pulls Tuffnut away from me by his long, blond, greasy hair.

"So," Aren prompts crossing his arms in cool anticipation, "what_ is_ the plan?", Aren asks.

_Thank you so much. _

His prompt puts a smile on my face.

"Dragons." I declare. Everyone shares a few confused faces.

"Maybe I should elaborate. I assume you guys were filled in about the big "queen dragon"?" I ask. Everyone nods their head in confirmation.

"Excellent, okay so all the ships are gone and we're the only ones who know what's on that island and how to stop it. How do we get there?" I ask rhetorically. No one answers.

"You guys are going to learn how to fly dragons." I declare with confidence. The group's faces are about half and half. Ruffnut and SlÃ¬mloust look a little shocked but Chickenlegs, Aren, and Tuffnut look excited and all for it.

"Ruffnut, Tuffnut, I'm going to need you two to man the gate and lift it when I give the signal." I order the twins. They nod and run eagerly over to the gate lever.

I close my eyes and take a deep breath.

Here goes nothing

I motion for the twins to open the gate. The Nightmare gives a low, vicious growl as it advances on me. I hold out my hands, ready to meet it. I look away just as the Nightmare is a foot away from me.

It takes me a few seconds before I finally realize that I'm not dead. The Nightmare stopped just inches in front of my hands. I feel the Nightmare intently breath hot air from its nostrils onto my hands as I lead it out of its cage and into the light.

I reach out my hand for my first victim and it grabs SlÃ¬mloust's

muscular arm.

"What are you doing?!" Slämloust shrieks with a hint of panic.

"Relax it's ok." I respond to Slämloust without taking my eyes off the dragon.

"It's ok." I confirm to the dragon as I guide Slämloust's hand to where mine is continuously hovering. I then lower Slämloust's hand gently onto the Nightmare's snout.

As soon as her hand touches the Nightmare's snout it lets out a content purr. It's black pupils have fully expanded, nearly blocking out the yellow in its eyes.

I quickly dash over to the utility trough much to the protests of Slämloust.

"W-Where are you going?!" I hear her shout behind me.

My hand finally finds what I was looking for, several yards of rope.

"You're going to need something to help you hold on." I reply as I hold up the large bundle of rope for them to see. I give a cheeky smile as I motion the other four teens to the other cages.

* * *

><p>After taming the three other dragons and tying (admittedly very sketchy) harnesses onto them we took to the skies. We are now speeding through the fog, blindly being guided by the dragons to the island. I'm in the front, taking temporary control of Aren's dragon, the Deadly Nadder. Aren is sitting behind me with his hands wrapped tightly around my waist for support, my loose hair constantly blowing into his face (I had lost hope on keeping the braid).</p>

Aren and I are followed closely by the twins on each head of the Hideous Zippleback, then Slämloust on the Monstrous Nightmare, and Chickenlegs and the Gronkle are bringing up the end.

As the (cleverly named by yours truly) Red Death comes into view I give the signal to prepare to fire.

"Everybody aim at the back of its head!" I shout to the others.

"Get ready!" I order as we get closer to the Red Death.

"Aim!" We draw nearer as the Red Death prepares to fire onto everyone below.

"Fire!" I command.

We speed through the fogged air and hurtle a massive ball of fire at the back of the Red Death's head that explodes as soon as it makes contact.

The team flies out of the black smoke we created and we all give victorious shouts.

Time to start shouting orders.

As we fly around the Red Death I start shouting orders.

"Ruff, Tuff watch your backs!" I shout to the galumphing twins.

"Come on Chickenlegs move!" I holler behind my back as I steer the Nadder into a wide turn.

"Look at us we're on a dragon! We're all on dragons! All of us!" I hear Tuffnut shouts to the bewildered and amazed crowd below.

"Move up everyone, let's go!" I bark at the group.

We soar into the sky and circle above the Red Death, out of reach.

"Alright, Chickenlegs break it down!" I shout to my friend over the wind.

I watch as the gears spin and twist in Chickenlegs' head as she musters up an analyze for this monstrous beast.

"Okay! Heavily armored skull and tail made for bashing and crushing! Steer clear of both! Small eyes, large nostrils! Relies on hearing and smell!" Chickenlegs' voice cracks as she screams to the rest of us over her usual quiet musings.

Alright time for a plan. Two of them will confuse the dragon with noise and the other two will distract it while Aren and I look for Toothless. Ok I've got it.

"Okay! Loust, Legs, hang in its blind spot! Make some noise, keep it confused! Ruff, Tuff, find out if it has a shot limit! Make it mad!" I command the rest of the team.

"That's my specialty!" Tuffnut gloats.

"Since when? Everyone knows I'm more irritating! See?" Ruffnut retaliates as she hangs upside down on her Zippleback head while hanging her tongue out and crossing her eyes.

I roll my eyes at the two of them.

"Just do what I told you! I'll be back as soon as I can!" I shout to the team as I veer the Deadly Nadder to the left in the direction of the ships.

"Don't worry!" Sl^ã-mloust shouts as we glide away.

"We've got it covered Boss!" Chickenlegs adds.

As Aren and I scan the burning ships for Toothless I can hear the twins shout obscenities at the Red Death.

I hear a familiar roar and spot Toothless chained down to the second to last of the docked ships.

"There!" I shout as I point out the ship to Aren.

I feel an immense wave of heat as I bring the Deadly Nadder to a hover over the ship. I jump down on the burning ship and start to tug at Toothless' restraints.

This is pointless, Aren needs to go help the others I can handle this.

I look up to Aren you has now taken hold of his Deadly Nadder.

"Go help the others." I order him. He flies off toward the Red Death. I now turn my attention back to Toothless.

"Hold on Girl, hold on." I try to reassure Toothless as I pull the leather muzzle off her face.

As I try to free one of the latches on Toothless' restraints with a metal rod the Red Death's massive battering ram of a tail crashes into the ship, destroying its sails. The Red Death then continues to step onto the ship's hull, launching Toothless and I into the ocean.

My long, wet hair is splayed out loosely in the water as I struggle with Toothless' restraints. As Toothless and I sink farther down into the warm water I continue to pull at Toothless' restraints. I pull and pull as we sink further and further down.

It's getting darker, colder. My eyes begin to close and I lose my grip on Toothless. I hear his muffled, bubbling screams as my world fades to black.

* * *

><p>I cough up the water from my lungs and gasp for the hot, smokey air. My hair and clothes are plastered to my body. Before I can fully recollect what happened I see my dad.<p>

He's soaking wet, his hair and clothes are also plastered to his body.

"Dad?" I mutter in disbelief.

Before I can say anything else he dives back into the black, unforgiving waters. It seems like centuries pass until I see a disturbance in the water.

Suddenly Toothless bursts out of the sea, Dad clutched in his scaly feet.

Toothless drops dad on the rock and leaps up to the edge that overlooks the battlefield. Toothless looks back at me and gives a shout while motioning her head to the battle.

"You've got it Girl." I comply as I run to Toothless and jump on the saddle on her back.

"Hikka." Dad shouts to me.

I turn my head and raise an eyebrow as a response.

"I'm sorry," Dad apologizes, "for everything."

"Yeah me too." I reciprocate an apology to him.

"You don't have to go up there." Dad tells me as if I don't know already.

"We're Vikings, it's an occupational hazard." I reply with my usual cheeky smile as I uses my dad's usual phrase.

Dad gets up and puts a hand on my shoulder.

"I'm proud to call you my daughter." Dad acknowledges.

"Thanks, Dad." I reply to him with a loving smile.

Then I nudge Toothless and we shoot up into the sky at break-neck speeds.

"She's up!" I hear Aren shout to the group. I then see him fly around, giving orders to the others to clean up the mess. As the twins get Sp^Ã-teloust off of the Red Death (don't know how she got there in the first place) I see the Red Death begin to suck in air to breath a gigantic fireball.

But there's a problem. Aren and his Nadder are stuck in the vacuum of the Red Death.

Toothless torpedoes to the edge of the bay, doubles back, and rockets back, straight towards the Red Death's mouth. Halfway to the Red Death Toothless powers up her purple plasma blast.

She shoots a large purple bolt at the gas build up of the Red Death that causes a massive explosion. The explosion blasts Aren off of his Nadder and sends him somersaulting through the air, screaming.

Toothless sends us into large loop to swing us around and shoot us through the air right to Aren so we can catch him. As we swoop past Aren the screaming stops.

"Did you get him?" I ask Toothless eagerly as we leave out from the dive. Toothless looks down underneath herself and lets out a purr.

Toothless flips Aren right side up and then drops him on a rocky outcrop. I wave to Aren as Toothless and I speed toward the Red Death.

Toothless and I climb the smokey clouds in the sky to get a better look at the Red Death. I notice two large extremities on the Red Death's back.

"That thing has wings." I point out to Toothless. "Let's see if she can use them." I remark to myself.

Toothless does another turn around in the sky as we rocket towards the Red Death. As we get closer I hear the high-pitched whistling of Toothless' high speed and the charge of her plasma bolt.

Toothless blasts the Red Death and a gigantic explosion erupts from her side. The massive beast lets out an earth-shattering roar as she collapses on her side from the force of the blow.

Toothless and I retreat into what is now a mixture of fog and smoke.

"Do you think that did it?" I ask Toothless as I look behind us for signs of the Red Death.

Suddenly the Red Death rises out of the clouds, flapping its black, cracked, leathery wings.

"Well, she can fly." I remark to Toothless as we look at each other.

Toothless and I bob and weave through the sea stacks, narrowly avoiding the rocks and the large dragon that is pursuing us. While Toothless and I have to narrowly avoid the sea stacks the Red Death just smashes through them.

I look up at the black storm clouds above and switch the gears on Toothless' tail.

"Okay Toothless, time to disappear." I state as I shoot into the dark, ominous clouds.

As Toothless and I ascend into the clouds the Red Death snaps its large, jagged teeth at Toothless' tail. I hear the Red Death take in a deep breath as it prepares to breath large, dangerous fireball at Toothless and me.

"Here it comes." I warn Toothless.

We take a hard left to avoid being a very well done piece of mutton.

We lead the Red Death into a clearing in the clouds. Toothless and I stick to the clouds as we deliver several blows to the Red Death by constantly disappearing and reappearing only to strike purple plasma at the back of its head and wings.

But now, the Red Death is furious. It begins to corkscrew in the air as it breathes bright, hot flames blindly into the clouds.

"Watch out!" I scream to Toothless as the fire billows in the clouds and bursts through the clouds and nearly singes us.

When Toothless and I escape the fire I look back at Toothless' tail which is completely ablaze.

Uh oh. Stay calm, now's not the time to panic.

"Okay, time's up. Let's see if this works." I shout, a little panicky, at Toothless.

Toothless and I do one last gigantic loop around and then shoot downward.

"Come on! Is that the best you can do!?" I taunt the Red Death as I shoot past it in a straight divebomb to the ground.

Toothless and I are torpedoing toward the ground at break-neck speeds, faster than the speed of light.

I can feel the Red Death's breath on my neck as it gives an intimidating roar.

I press down on Toothless' gear, but it's pretty much useless now.

Alright we can panic now._

"Stay with me Girl. We're doing fine. Just a little bit longer." I reassure Toothless as the Red Death draws nearer.

I hear the Red Death begin to vacuum in the air for its fire.

"Hold Toothless." I order her, we've only got one shot.

The breath of the Red Death reaches its loudest point.

"Now Toothless!" I command.

Toothless spins around in mid-air and shoots a single plasma blast into the mouth of the Red Death.

Her mouth catches fire and burns like a campfire as the ground draws nearer. I watch as holes start to burn into the Red Death's wing.

"Get us out of here Toothless!" I shout to her.

Toothless spreads her wings and we shoot up into the sky as the Red Death smashes into the ground in a gigantic fiery explosion. My hair, now completely dry, whips around my face and blocks my view as Toothless gets her bearings.

Toothless and I shoot up along the length of the Red Death's body, bobbing and weaving through all of its spines as the fire devours its body. I click at Toothless' tail gear but it doesn't help at all.

Just when Toothless and I seem to be in the clear the tail of the Red Death looms in our path.

"No! N O!" I scream as we hit the boulder-sized bludger.

Toothless hits the tail and I'm thrown from her saddle.

The wind whips through my hair as I reach for Toothless as we fall towards the explosion.

Toothless, please._

I feel a terrible pain in my left leg just before the whole world fades to black.

* * *

><p>HAPPY NEW YEARS!

It took some blood, sweat, and a hella lot of tears but I finally did it. I wrote the "final" chapter. Don't worry Chapter 10 will come a lot sooner I swear. Alright it's almost 5 a.m. here so I need to get my sleep. Peace out little dragons!

10. This is Berk

Cover art by avannak (Tumblr)

All rights reserved to Dreamworks and blah blah blah all that vun stuff you know the drill

* * *

><p>Chapter 10<p>

This is Berk

HIKKA'S POV:

I'm not dead, or at least I don't think so. Everything, for the most part, is dark and pitch black, but I get glimpses of things. Dad sitting by my bed, telling me about the village. Chickenlegs reading books to me or babbling on about some dragon or invention of sorts. Gobber comes around and pokes at something in my bed, I think it's my leg. I even get glimpses of Aren, his blond hair as rugged and shaggy as ever.

* * *

><p>I feel a nudge on my face, something or someone is poking me. I manage to open my eyes every so slightly and see a big, black mass standing in front of me. Its large, reptilian eyes only inches from mine.<p>

Toothless?

I muster up all the strength in my eyelids and open them.

Sure enough Toothless is there, standing over me, cooing.

"Hey Toothless." I mumble sleepily.

In response Toothless gives a happy shake and starts nuzzling my face with her snout. As she gets more excited Toothless gets closer to me.

"I'm happy to see you too Girl." I respond while affectionately petting her muzzle.

Suddenly there's a sharp pain in my stomach as Toothless' feet step on me.

"Ow!" I shriek in pain.

Toothless moves off of me and that's when I realize where I am.

"Uh, I'm in my house." I contemplate as I look around the bottom floor of my house. It's all there. The hearth in the dead center of the room, roaring with life as usual, the wooden pillars carved into the shape of dragons, and Toothless happily awaiting me at the foot of my bed, shaking with anticipation.

"_You're _in my house." I realize. I am now completely confused.

Toothless, happy that I've finally figured it out, romps around my house. She jumps off the walls and knocks over the rotisserie that stands over the hearth. She does a full circle until she makes it back to my bed.

"Does my dad know you're here?" I ask in a bit of a panic.

Toothless nuzzles and licks me in response.

"Ok Girl, ok ok." I respond to her as I push her face away from mine.

Toothless then proceeds to leap onto one of the wooden beams that supports the house and hangs off of it.

"Toothless, oh come on." I complain, I lean forward to get up and try and calm her down and that's when I realize that something is different.

I lean back and lift the blanket off my body and that's when I see it.

Up to my left shin, attached to my leg, is a wooden block that connects to a metal peg, with a spring. It looks a lot like Gobber's leg, which now that I think about it he was probably the one behind it.

Toothless, realizing something is off, jumps down from the beam and gives an inquisitive coo.

I respond to him with a sigh.

I throw my legs over the bed and put on my right boot and tie my hair into its usual braid. Then I put my feet on the ground. I feel the spring in the prosthetic adjust to the force of my weight.

Toothless bends down and gives the prosthetic a suspicious sniff. She then raises her head to look at me and coos. I look at Toothless, I'm terrified. I give a sigh and then take a deep breath.

I lean on the chair next to my bed and pull myself up. I lift up my new leg to examine it and then take my first step. I maintain my balance, which is a first. I prepare myself for another step. I take a deep breath and take another step, leading with my left foot.

I let out a painful yelp as the foot gives and I begin to fall.

Luckily Toothless thrusts her head under me and catches me before I hit the ground. She then sets me up straight again.

"Thanks Girl, that could've been messy." I remark gratefully to her. I lean on Toothless' head for support as I half walk and half hop my way to the door. I manage to drift from Toothless and place my hand on the door handle.

I pull the big wooden door open to see the head of a Monstrous Nightmare shrieking at me from the other side.

I yelp and push the door shut.

"Toothless, stay here." I order her. I open the door again. That's when I see Slāmlouste on the back of the Nightmare.

"Come on, guys, get ready! Hold on tight! Here we go!" Slāmlouste shouts at two other Vikings on dragons, one struggling with a Gronckle and the other flying cautiously on a Deadly Nadder.

My eyes begin to adjust to the sunlight as I look around the village. There are dragons everywhere. On the roof of the house to my left a cluster of Deadly Nadders are chattering away. The old fire bowls that used to light the sky at night to look for attacking dragons is now filled with fish. Three Gronckles fly overhead with Vikings on their backs. Dragons of all shapes, sizes, and colors are clustered around the village, orang Hideous Zippelbacks, purple Deadly Nadders, and I almost positive I saw a Monstrous Nightmare that looked as red as a cherry.

"I knew it. I'm dead." I muse to myself as I take it all in.

I hear a hearty laugh as my dad walks up to greet me.

"No but you gave it your best shot." Dad chuckles as he puts his hand on my shoulder.

"So, what do you think?" Dad asks me as he leads me down the steps.

"Hey look there's Hikka!" I hear somebody shout from below.

When we reach the bottom of the step people rush up to see me, I guess I'd been asleep for awhile.

"Turns out that all we needed was a little more of, this." Dad states as he gestures at all of me.

"You just gestured to all of me." I remark, completely dumbfounded.

Dad smiles at me and nods.

"Well, most of you." Gobber jokes as he walks up to me. He motions to my left leg.

"That bit is my handiwork." Gobber boasts.

"Hey!" I hear a protest from behind Gobber. Chickenlegs shoulders past the crowd and gives me a hug. She looks as small as every, her hair is still a blonde curly mess, topped off with a small metal helmet. Her big brown yak poncho ruffles as she lets go of me.

"I helped too you know." Chickenlegs states.

"I suggest that we throw in a bit of Hikka flair into it." Chickenlegs adds, motioning to the springs.

"You think it'll do?" Gobber asks sarcastically.

"I might make a few tweaks." I joke as I lift up to the examine the leg. Though now that I think about it a few tweaks wouldn't be such a bad idea.

The Vikings around me let out a series of chuckles at my joke.

I feel I jab into the back of my right shoulder. I jump and turn around to see Aren standing behind me. He looks as rugged as every, his shaggy blonde hair and headband frame his round face. He's wear his usual light blue tunic with the metal shoulders and has a skull belt wrapped around his waist.

"_That's _ for scaring me." Aren states with a glare.

"Is it always going to be like this?" I stammer.

"Cause if so-" I'm cut off as Aren grabs my shirt and pulls me into his lips. I feel my face completely flush. It's over as soon as it happens and I'm left with a goofy smile on my face.

"I could get used to it." I muse as Chickenlegs elbows me in the side and looks at me with her usual smart ass face with a raised brow.

Gobber drops a load of stuff into my hands.

"Welcome home." Gobber declares as he gives me his usual metal smile.

I smile back.

"Nightfury!" I hear somebody shout.

"Get down!" another person warns.

Toothless comes romping out of my house, playfully pushing past people and jumping off of their shoulders. She lands in front of me and gives an excited shout. Aren, Chickenlegs, and I look at each other and laugh.

I hook up Toothless' new saddle and tail faster than ever, eager to take to the skies. I put on my flying harness and hop on her back. I place my new foot into the new and improved tail shift and wiggle it around, testing it out.

Aren takes to my right on his Nadder and Chickenlegs goes to my left on her Gronckle. We all look at each other with smiles on our faces.

I lean down and touch Toothless' head.

"You ready Girl?" I ask her.

She responds with an excited chortle.

I take a moment to look around at my village, all the Vikings and dragons finally living in peace with each other.

Then we take to the skies, fly through Berk under bridges past houses all while gathering up our friends.

'_This... is Berk. It snows nine months of the year, and hails the other three. Any food that grows here is tough and tasteless. The people that grow here are even more so. The only upsides are the pets. While other places have ponies or parrots, we have... dragons!'_

* * *

><p>Author Note:

WOOHOO WE DID IT HELLA YEAH!

It's been a real fun ride you guys thank you so much for reading my story. I know it's been a very long and annoying ride that took forever due to my procrastination but hey...ya know...woohoo. Ok I don't think I have anything else. THANK YOU SO MUCH I LOVE YOU ALL MY LITTLE DRAGON FLYERS!

End
file.